Week ending June 7 1958 Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

Sir Hartley Shawcross and the Cyclops Eye murder

MUST MALTA BE ANOTHER CYPRUS?

Complete stories by WINSTON GRAHAM, STUART CLOETE and WILLIAMS FORREST

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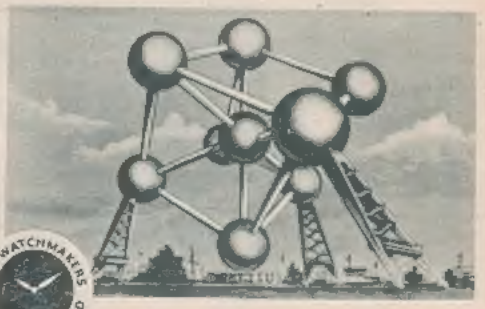

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FREE SPEECH

The Reason Why The Country Way Of Life Is Doomed

We hear a lot about the suburban snobbery of keeping up with the Joneses, but as a townsman turned country dweller I have found something far worse—rural class-consciousness. And its worst feature is that it's a closed shop.

After five years in the village I am still looked upon as a stranger. I thought that in a small community I would be a "somebody," instead of just another house number as in a town. Not a bit of it. It seems that until I have been here half a lifetime I shall not be acceptable. It isn't who *you* are but who your grandfather was that gives you your place in this rural hangover from the medieval squirearchy.

The old hall has to run everything from the women's institute to the cricket club—just because it always has done; the schoolmaster just scrapes into "society"; the rest of the village knows its place—and keeps it.

No wonder there is a drift of population to the towns. Country life had better get up to date—or it will disappear altogether.

G. W. R., BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

★ ★ ★

Pressed For Time

A firm which wrote to tell me that an electric iron I had ordered had been dispatched warned that, on delivery, it was not sufficient to sign for it "unexamined." I always thought that this type of signature was in order for goods that couldn't be examined immediately. Am I required by law to ask the railway delivery man to wait while I press his trousers?

H. C. GILROY, BOXTREE LANE, HARROW WEALD, MIDDLESEX.

"The firm's warning is quite unnecessary," says a lawyer. "The signature proves only receipt of the article from the railway, not that it is undamaged. But it's best to have a witness when you open the parcel."

★ ★ ★

Presidents' Parade

In "Is Ike Up To The Job?" (JOHN BULL, May 10) Don Cook says that Eisenhower has a military approach to his job, and he contrasts this with the methods of such "political" presidents as Andrew Jackson.

But Jackson, too, was a general. In fact, the United States seems to like military men in its high places. Ten of her thirty-three presidents, including Washington, have been generals, and others have held high rank.

K. G. THOMSON, THE GREEN, BEXLEY HEATH, KENT

★ ★ ★

I Saw Those Tears Of Joy

Three sentences in Sheila Blundun's story "The Hole In My Heart" (JOHN BULL, May 17) persuaded me to write this letter. I am assistant curate of St. Paul's Church at Cliftonville, where part of her story took place, and unless there has been a remarkable coincidence I saw her that afternoon she visited the

Continued on next page

WE should like to join with the many readers of John Bull who have expressed their sorrow at the death after a racing accident in Belgium of Archie Scott Brown, the sports car driver. Our own article on him, published in the May 24 issue, had gone to press before news of the accident was received

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FREE SPEECH

continued from previous page

church after her operation. She writes: "One cold afternoon in late December the juke box was playing 'Silent Night.' The 'miracle' of my new life overwhelmed me. I went into the empty church and sat weeping in one of the pews."

It was also a late December afternoon when I hurried into the church and saw a young woman weeping. For some reason I did not offer to help her, but slipped quietly out. In the porch I told a sidesman: "There's a young woman in church, crying. But I don't think she's really unhappy."

He must have thought me mad, but it seems that I was right. Sheila Blundun was indeed weeping *for joy.*

THE REV. ALAN WARREN, CLIFTONVILLE, MARGATE, KENT.

What, No Rock?

Is lettered rock peculiar to Britain? It's a very good way to combine sales with advertisement, but although I've had many sticks of rock from English resorts nobody ever brings me one from a holiday abroad.

S. HAMMILL, CLAPHAM, LANCASTER.

"Very little, if any, rock is made on the Continent," says a rock manufacturer. "We export a little, but it is a very British taste. Other countries have their own specialities, but the reasons for these preferences are a mystery."

Lion Soother

The letters about treating burns by excluding air with the white of eggs reminded me of an amazing act of bravery I saw about thirty years ago.

There had been a terrible fire at a circus and the lions were badly burned about their heads. Their trainer, weeping like a child, entered the cages of the pain-crazed animals and soothed their burns with white of egg.

His courage, and the quietness of the lions during this treatment, is something I shall never forget.

L. W. A. ANDERSON, JOHN STREET, SUNDERLAND.

Change, Please

Mrs. E. Varley sighs for the leisurely shopping days of thirty years ago ("Free Speech," May 10), but the 1958 complaints don't all come from the customer's side of the counter.

I wonder if in the "good old days" there were the customers who interrupt

the sales girl while she's serving someone else, arrive at closing time and ask to see everything—and buy nothing, take offence if asked how much they want to spend, and try to exchange goods bought in another shop. No, the customer isn't always in the right.

MRS. C. DAVIES, TREBERTH ESTATE, NEWPORT, MON.

Behind Zeta

So B. Lewis says that we graduates teach in grammar schools only because our degrees aren't good enough for jobs in industry, and that, unlike secondary modern school teachers, we haven't a sense of vocation ("Free Speech," May 10).

These "failures" whom he libels are ultimately responsible for Zeta, which was built almost entirely by ex-grammar school boys; the universities depend on groundwork done in their schools. And their degrees, if they teach in sixth forms, are seldom the mere "pass" which can command a well-paid post outside.

From experience I know that it is boys of lower academic achievement who go to training college and then teach in secondary modern schools. This doesn't prove love for the job but that their teaching scope is limited.

F. SMITH, BADMINGTON GROVE, EBBW VALE, MON.

Spider Silk

I found John Crompton's article ("A Bride With Murder In Her Eye," May 10) most interesting, but I was surprised that he did not mention the picture in Chester Cathedral which is woven entirely of spider silk.

MRS. V. MOSS, ANDREAS, RAMSEY, ISLE of MAN.

"The picture was made in Germany but we don't know its age or history," says the Clerk to the Cathedral. "It is of the Virgin, painted on to a piece of spider silk about six inches by four. It has a beautiful effect, rather like a stained-glass window."

Tick-tock Man

I used to pride myself on being able to spot a "con man," but I met my match one day in Cairo.

He was an Arab who sold me a clock in exchange for my watch and some money. Next day he called on my wife and told her that I had asked him to mend the watch. So she paid him. Then he asked for the clock back, saying that he had only lent it to me while he repaired the watch.

Result: He got the clock and two lots of money; I got—my own watch.

BASIL MELFORD, UPPER FOX STREET, LEICESTER.

JOHN BULL pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post.

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THIS WEEK'S COVER

POOR Mother! Something's going to fall in the shop today—even if it isn't the prices. But who can blame her child of the space age for trying to recruit a whole crew of breakfast-food moonmen in one swoop? And as he stands amid the ruins of that tumbledown stack he may find a hidden moral: for nobody makes a noise in the world without pulling out a few stops. Batchelar's cover grocer will be delighted, of course. He'll have no trouble selling Mother that extra packet of cereal this morning. . . .

"I'm proud of this snap taken with my Bantam 'COLORSNAP' camera"

says JACQUELINE MACKENZIE

Jacqueline Mackenzie, the well-known TV personality.

Jacqueline Mackenzie in Libya, taken with her Bantam 'Colorsnap' camera by an Arab friend.

Sparkling colour pictures are easy for anyone with the Kodak Bantam 'COLORSNAP' camera

TV STAR Jacqueline Mackenzie is thrilled with her new Bantam 'Colorsnap' camera. The snap shown here is only one of a number of her lovely colour pictures.

It's all so easy with the Bantam 'Colorsnap' camera. Simple instructions are built right into the back of the camera. Just follow them and press the button. Anyone can get glorious colour pictures with this camera. It takes 'Kodachrome' and 'Kodacolor' films in convenient 8-exposure rolls. But it's a fine black-and-white camera as well.

See it at your Kodak dealer's **£10.15.1d.** inc. tax.

The versatile colour camera

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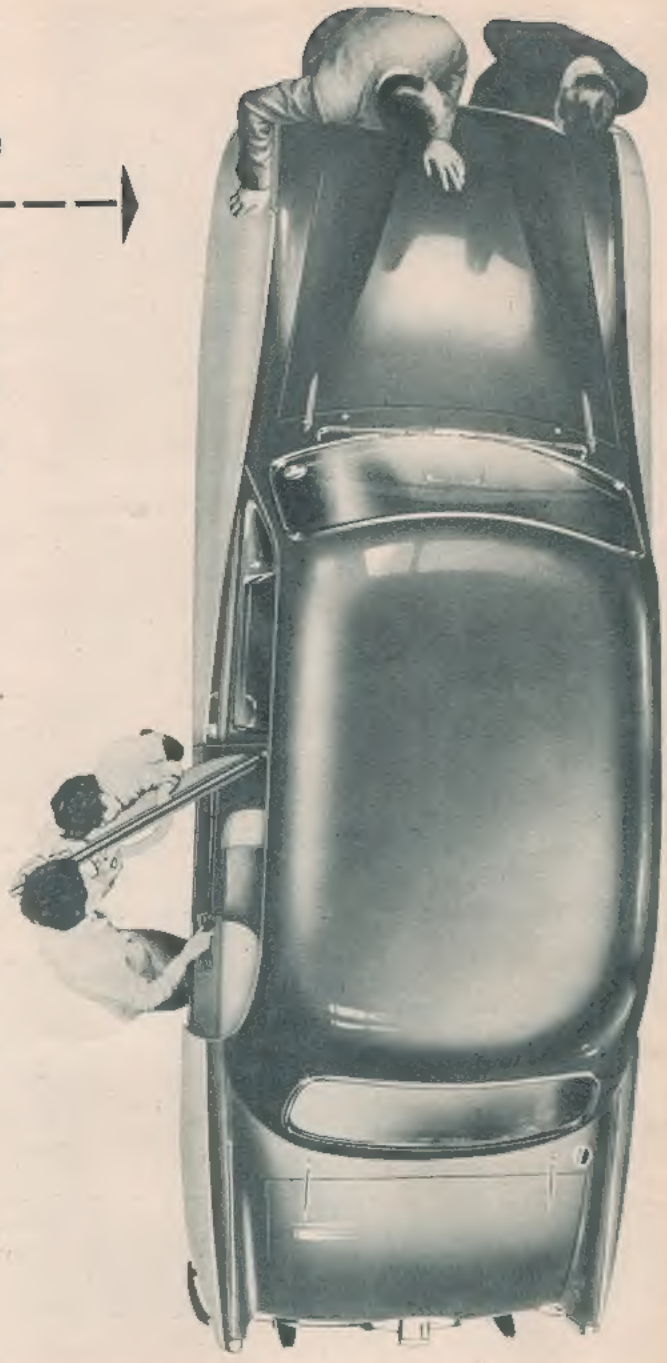
While his thoughts are under the bonnet ——→

Please don't disturb him. He's busy falling in love with one of the finest engines ever designed. The engine of the car which always passes him in *top* while he is still wondering whether to change down.
Now he's finding out why. He's in a little private world of high compression ratios, overhead valves and dynamically and statically balanced crankshafts. He's revelling in his discovery of an inspired piece of engineering which will give him surging power, plus the kind of m.p.g. that reminds him of his motor-cycling days.
Right now he has only one little worry; that his less mechanically minded partner may not fully appreciate just how fantastically good this Morris Oxford is . . .



. . . she's got her feet on the ground ——————→

. . . But he needn't worry. She's already voted it the car she would most like to be seen in and now she's ticking off *her* list of perfect-car features.
Such as the oh-so-sensible leather upholstery. You only need *show* it a duster and its colours are showroom-bright again. And those wide seats for grandpa to expand in when the kiddies are playing spacemen. And that blissfully deep luggage trunk . . . think of being able to take *all* one's dresses on holiday!
By the time she's found out about the exquisite colour schemes and doors which won't fly open, it won't take any salesmanship from him to persuade her.
Between husband and wife there are moments when words are superfluous. Buying a Morris Oxford is one of them.

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Angela's wedding terms were crystal clear. "Score a century tomorrow —and I'll marry you," she said

The Sunchurch Wonder

by WINSTON GRAHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

WHEN Angela came downstairs on the day of the cricket match, she looked absent-minded and ate her breakfast without paying much attention to what her mother was saying. Once or twice she stared with lifted eyebrows at the sun flooding in through the french windows.

Mrs. Beresford said: "Is anything wrong?"

"Nothing. No. By the way, I've forgotten —did I tell you? Last night Donald Macdonald asked me to marry him."

"Did he?" said her mother, putting sugar in her coffee. "He's in rather a hurry, isn't he? You've only known each other a month. What did you say?"

"I said yes."

"What?" Mrs. Beresford paused with her cup half raised.

"I said yes—on two conditions."

"Oh." Her mother drank her coffee. "This is a new departure, isn't it? You didn't let Tom down as lightly last year. Tell me the worst."

Angela examined the nails of her left hand. "It all really began as a joke. We'd been playing tennis. I was partnering Teddie, and Donald was on the other side. He's not an awfully good player but he's got an odd sort of service that fizzes off the court like a firework.

"Afterwards I suppose I was feeling a bit—well, he'd served them every time. When the other two had gone off, I mentioned today's cricket match. He said he didn't see why Sunchurch always lost to Taybourne.

"I pointed out to him what must be obvious to anybody, namely that Taybourne is on the main

Donald flashed his dark eyes at her. "I'm going to play," he said. "After I left you last night I saw the Sunchurch skipper"

MY OWN BOSS

I set up

road and has twice doubled in size since the war. We're no bigger than we were fifty years ago.

"However, he still said there was no reason why Sunchurch shouldn't win, so I said, well, if he was so certain, why didn't he play himself and then we should be sure to."

"Pardon me," said Mrs. Beresford. "Did you say this was a proposal or a quarrel?"

"Wait a bit. You'll see. Lo and behold, he took what I said quite seriously and even wondered, as his garage was on the main road, whether he was within the boundaries of the village. I assured him he was eligible, and then we more or less cooled down for a bit.

"Then, in that queer Scots way he has, he suddenly went serious and asked me to marry him. I was still a bit steamed up so I said: 'Oh, yes, certainly, on two conditions—if we win the match tomorrow and you make a century in it.'"

Mrs. Beresford shifted in her chair. "Really, Angela, I do think that was a trifle off-colour."

"Well, it was only—well you can see what it was. But he was still as serious as ever, and he said: 'D'you really mean that?' and I said: 'Of course I do.' What else could I say?"

Mrs. Beresford walked to the window. The ground outside showed the dark patches she had watered last evening. "Well, of course it's only a joke, isn't it? But darling, why not just say no instead of making impossible conditions? It's much kinder. Pity there's no sign of rain, then the whole thing would be washed out."

"Sacrilege!" Angela glanced at her watch. "I must fly. It's twenty-five past."

Mrs. Beresford followed her daughter out to the garage and watched her get out her motor-scooter. "Do you know if he can even play cricket? Scotsmen aren't usually very good."

"He says he can."

"I'm not really worried about that, but I wouldn't want it to get round the village. They already suspect you have a frivolous nature."

"I have!" The sun was hot as it beat down on Angela's fair hair. She started the bike, and there was a glint in her eyes as she looked at her mother. "I hope he plays. Boundary, he loves. Miss-hit, he loves me not. Whoo-ee! Nothing like a side-stake for adding to the fun."

ANGELA worked as a librarian in Reading, and on the way she had to pass Donald Macdonald's garage. It hadn't been his for long, but his uncle had died in the spring and he had inherited it.

He was serving petrol when she passed in the morning, but when she was on the way home he saw her coming and ran into the middle of the road to stop her. She swerved to get round him, but he stepped in her way again.

"I'm not out of petrol today," she said, her eyes glinting. That was the way they had met.

He was tall and lean and rather untidy, with sober dark eyes now lit by a rare flash of humour. "I'm going to play," he said. "After I left you last night I saw the Sunchurch skipper, Professor Smith."

"You don't waste any time," she said, feeling rather embarrassed now.

He rubbed a piece of rag in his fingers. "That's a strange figure of a man to be captain of village cricket. What's he a professor of?"

"Higher mathematics in Reading University."

"I'd not call him the most tactful of men; but he gave me a chance, so I mustn't complain."

Angela said: "Nobody's ever made a century for Sunchurch in this match. Did you know?"

"Well, I've no objection to doing that in a good cause."

"D'you think this is a good cause?"

He eyed her. "I should say so. Or maybe it's making the best of a bad job."

She looked down at her handlebars. "How do they play cricket in Scotland—is it with bagpipes and curling stones?"

"Ye're a wee bad girrl," he said, exaggerating his own accent. "Away now, while I have ma patience."

When she looked up he smiled quietly. She smiled back at him, but coolly, keeping her distance, and re-started her machine.

"Will you be watching?" he said, showing a sudden chink in his apparent self-confidence.

"All Sunchurch watches."

"They tell me there's feeling between the villages. Why?"

"Five years ago Taybourne cancelled their home fixtures with us because they could get more attractive fixtures. Usually now they bring a lot of rowdy supporters. They look down on us and we don't like it—that's all."

THE green where the match is played lies between St. Mary's Church and the Grape Vine. The ground is oval in shape, and in dry weather the pitch is fiery. It was dry weather.

Professor Smith looked at the coin on the grass and saw he had lost the toss. Smith, as Donald Macdonald had observed, was not everybody's idea of a cricketer. Plump and very bald, he looked fifty and was thirty-seven. His only other passion in life was electromagnetic gravitational geometry.

When Angela got to the ground, he was already leading his team on to the field, and she knew that from the Sunchurch point of view the worst had happened. She walked past a crowd of Taybourne supporters squatting on the hill below the pub, and put her cushion on the grass just short of a group of Sunchurch supporters whom she knew. She waved, but did not join them.

The game began quietly enough and Professor Smith's hopes sank as he saw how the batsmen shaped. That was the trouble with the men Taybourne sent over nowadays. No right to be playing in village cricket at all. Young men who still remembered their coaching. Superior young chaps working in offices.

The score crept along. At forty-eight one of the batsmen forgot his orthodoxy and swung at a ball he didn't get hold of. Donald Macdonald raced to take it, but caught his foot in a ridge and sprawled full length. There was a howl of laughter from the Taybourne supporters.

"It could have been a good catch, sir," said the vicar, emerging at that moment from his lich-gate. He was able to field the ball from beyond the boundary line and throw it back.

The hundred came up for the loss of only three wickets. But there was then a collapse, and six more fell in taking the score to 129.

Last man in, a big fellow, was greeted with applause from the men of the coach. He drove a lorry, somebody said, for British Railways. There were other things he drove, too, and, after being dropped before he had scored, he slashed up a violent forty in ten minutes, including a tremendous six.

When British Railways was at last stumped, tea was taken. Professor Smith drank his tea thoughtfully. A hundred and seventy to win was a vast total. Sunchurch had never made more than ninety since the war.

Professor Smith and the publican's youngest son, Alf Maitland, opened for Sunchurch. It was a little less hot now.

The professor wiped his forehead, pulled on his gloves and looked about him, and at once he began to scent trouble. British Railways was rolling up his sleeves. The wicket keeper had retreated into the middle distance.

Smith read the signs as correctly as if it had been an advanced equation. The railwayman's

shop in Toytown

A lucky rabbit started it all—and now a gay menagerie pays its way

by JOHN PLUMMER

ONE day in 1944 as my wife was walking along the front at Bognor a young man came out of a fun-fair with a toy rabbit. He smiled and tossed the rabbit to her saying: "Here, catch—it might bring you luck." She laughed and accepted it.

Some time afterwards she took the toy to pieces to examine the design, and made one or two herself as presents.

When I came out of the army the following year I decided not to go back to my old job in the furniture trade. At thirty-two I wanted to strike out on my own. But at what? Then my wife remembered the "lucky" rabbit. "Why not go in for toy-making?" she said.

It was October, 1945. To catch the Christmas trade we began work in one room at home in Bognor, and made £150 worth of soft toys in seven weeks. They sold easily to local shops, which had been starved of such things for years.

After Christmas I met an old school friend—an experienced salesman—and we went into partnership. For weeks we tramped around Sussex coast towns, looking for a workshop. After one tiring day we managed to get on the wrong train home. It stopped at West Worthing and, while waiting for the Bognor train, we decided to look around.

Down a passage opposite the station we found some small brick buildings. The search was over. It cost £50 to adapt them, and we made our own work benches. On April 1, 1946, we started, with one girl worker and £200 capital.

We decided to make good quality toys from pastel-dyed sheepskin and, after a family conference, chose to call them Tinka-bell toys—a name borrowed from Peter Pan.

We laid out about £38 for twenty-five skins and £4 on a hundredweight of flock for filling. We bought a gross or two of glass eyes at about 12s a gross, and some assorted needles and thread. And we advertised for women outworkers.

The complete process for making a batch of toys takes about forty-eight hours. Basic shapes are cut out in the factory from patterns placed on the backs of skins. At first, our outworkers hand stitched these together, ready for stuffing. Now we make them up on special fur sewing machines.

Then they are filled with flock or wood wool and go to outworkers to have ears, tails, nose and ribbons fixed. Back to the factory then, for the faces to be properly shaped by clipping away the hair round the eyes, nose and ears. It used to take about ten minutes to trim each toy with scissors.

Now, with electric barber's clippers, it is only a minute's job. One of my girls beat the *What's My Line* panel as a teddy bear clipper.

The business grew quickly. The wage bill for the first week was £2 6s. 3d., the next week £8 10s. 0d., a few weeks later £26. Soon we were selling toys in London and all over Surrey, Hampshire and Sussex. We had no difficulty in reaching a turnover of £3,600—the limit allowed to us by Board of Trade regulations at that time.

We made about a dozen different designs in the first year or two. I did the designing although I had done nothing of the kind before.

Teddy bears sell best and I remember buying a make-it-yourself pattern and improving upon it for our first bears. Now I draw an animal outline on paper and cut it into the most simple and economical shape for manufacture. Then, from these patterns, we have a trial run in sheepskin. It rarely needs more than one or two modifications.

We now have a factory staff of sixteen and make about twenty-four lines, introducing two or three new ones each year. The number of outworkers varies from about thirty-five in the early part of the year to seventy-odd in the autumn, when we make thousands of toys a week.

There are rabbits, squirrels, bears, pandas—a colourful menagerie ranging from 6s. 11d. chicks to giant teddies at £11 12s. 6d.

When the restriction on our turnover ended in 1948 we set about getting selling agents to represent us all over the country. Finding the right men took several years of trial and error. And we had our setbacks. In 1951, when the Korean war doubled the price of wool and sheepskins, we were nearly priced out of business. Sales slumped to £3,000. It was touch and go whether we gave up.

The next year skin prices came down again—but not all the way. I re-designed our whole range for simpler and cheaper production. We trebled the 1951 turnover that year and doubled up again in 1953. In 1956 we took bigger premises, and in a year or two we hope to build a properly designed factory. THE END

John Plummer and his wife Daphne watch Anne Charman give a panda its final trim

first ball hummed past the wicket high to the off. The second was even wider but the umpire did not call. The third was short and bounced well over the professor's head.

"Dangerous stuff," said the vicar. "Not good enough."

SMITH mishit the fourth ball viciously. The fifth he hooked off his face for four, and the sixth was a no-ball which he hit for two. Maitland made five off a slow bowler's first over but was caught in the railwayman's next over. Twenty-three for one.

After the usual thin spatter of clapping there was a pause and then Macdonald went to the wicket. Smith watched with a pessimistic eye.

Donald let the first five balls whizz by without doing anything at all. The sixth ball he glanced away for three. This brought him to the other end, where he played out four good balls with respect. The fifth was off the wicket. Donald's rather disjointed body suddenly jerked into action as if someone had pulled a string, and the ball flew into the middle of the Taybourne supporters on the hill. The prolonged clapping from the other spectators seemed as much pleasure at the direction of the hit as at the hit itself.

Professor Smith's look of profound concentration eased. In the next over he let himself go, and the score leaped. But two overs later he played a ball into his wicket. 76—2—33. There were twelve extras, and Donald was eighteen.

Noises of approval met Smith as he waddled thoughtfully in. Who to send in next? This was the sort of problem that greyed generals in their prime. Macdonald looked promising, but. . . . Well, it would have to be Rushworth. It was plain to Donald, leaning on his bat in the centre, that the scientist had explained his mission in life too fully to Rushworth, as the postman came stumbling to the wicket in a state of extreme nervousness. Nevertheless, he broke his duck and proved agile at racing up and down the wicket while Macdonald farmed the bowling. But a bowling change saw his middle stump on the ground.

The next man was out first ball. The following two added six between them. 101—6—4.

"Seventy more runs," said the vicar. "Well, of course, it's a lost cause now. Pity, pity, because that young man's a find. I suppose one might as well wait for the last few overs."

Donald Macdonald's own score was only thirty-eight, so his own hopes were as remote as his side's. With an eye on the railwayman who was peeling off his sweater for a second spell, he went to meet Farrant, the next man in, but Farrant already knew all the answers. "You do the scoring," he said cheerfully. "I'll bottle 'em up one end."

And he did, while the score moved up by a dozen. In the end, after having the ball nearly taken off his bat twice, he made a streaky hit over the heads of the slips and they ran three.

Donald sent the last two balls of the over to the boundary. Applause crept round for his fifty.

Farrant had the bowling and the fielders came in again, all prepared for the last rites. Farrant stopped two. The third he decided to lift over the fielders' heads, but somehow didn't succeed and there was a click behind him. Taybourne supporters roared approval and relief. 114—7—6.

The next man walked jauntily to the wicket to show that he wasn't as anxious as he felt, hit two towering sixes off the first two balls and then sat on his wicket. 131—8—12. Edwards, who came in next, had one good stroke, a sort of golfer's middle iron shot.

While Edwards was taking guard, Angela tried to stretch her cramped limbs. The shadows of the elms were barring the field now, and from the marquee there still came the prosaic clatter of cups. The heat of the day was over, but not of the match.

Someone said: "Oh, well hit, sir."

This was for Edwards, who'd played himself out of a bunker and scored three for it. Five minutes passed. Then someone said: "Oh, well caught, sir!" and a fieldsman tossed the ball back to the bowler. Edwards walked back to the pavilion. He had scored fourteen and the total was 149. Twenty-one to win.

FINALLY, a small figure emerged from the pavilion and began to walk to the crease.

"Who's that? What?" said the vicar. "Don't seem to recognize him."

"It's Archie Black," said Professor Smith. "He's the young chap that works for Haynes the market gardener. A first-class little field but he can't *bat*."

"We're done then," said the vicar despondently. "We might just as well give up. And just when we were so near, too."

There was another brief conversation in the middle. "Can you run?" Donald asked, smiling at Archie.

"Sure," said Archie, grinning back nervously. "Sure I can run, Mr. Macdonald."

"Then listen. They're on top now, and if we let them stay there they'll take the ball off your

bat. When I say 'yes' *run*. When I say 'no,' stay where you are. Whatever I *do*, don't leave your crease. *Understand?*"

"I—I think so, sir."

It was the end of the over and Macdonald faced the bowling. He drove the next ball very short, shouted "yes!" and raced down the pitch. Archie Black, backing up, was home as soon as he was, though the throw-in nearly beat him.

The fieldsmen came in very close for the new man, who nervously took his middle and leg from the umpire; and people wondered what had happened to Macdonald's judgment.

"Archie Black," said the vicar. "Seems only yesterday that I christened him. He was a miserable little child. Well, it's all over now."

There was silence as the bowler took his run.

"Yes!" shouted Donald almost as soon as the ball had gone off the edge of Black's bat between two fieldsmen. Black tore up the wicket. The fielder who gathered the ball aimed for the nearest wicket and shattered the stumps. But Donald, having started early, was home. Amid howls from the Taybourne supporters the umpire waddled up and put the wicket right.

PROFESSOR SMITH kept thrusting his hands in and out of his pockets. "I've seen these tactics before," he muttered. "They never come off. It always ends in a run-out. Blazes!"

The fifth ball was a fizzer and could only be stopped. The sixth Macdonald steered just wide of the bowler and called for another short one. Angela found herself trying to move her own legs as the two men raced for the run and the fieldsman flung the ball in. Then two more were run for the overthrow. Over. 158. Twelve to win.

At this end still the railwayman. He simmered under his black hair, screwed the ball round in his palm; a long run, lumbering like a King-class engine gathering speed. *Down* came the ball. Donald missed it and it thumped his pads.

"A-a-a-a-a-at?" demanded the bowler.

"Not out," said George the umpire.

"Not out by a *long* chalk," said the vicar, sitting down again. "He'd appeal against his mother, that fellow would."

Donald swung at the next ball but it went straight into the wicket keeper's gloves. The third was on the leg side, and Donald thumped it away from himself to the boundary.

The next three were wide, but Donald snicked at the last perilously. They ran one.

Over. Seven to win, with the right man still in possession.

"Tell me about it afterwards," said Professor Smith. "I really can't watch any more."

The left-arm bowler hopped, trotted, hopped and bowled. Donald got three off the last ball of the over. The tension mounted. Three to draw, four to win. Donald tugged at his cap and took guard for the next over. Down came British Railways, a short-pitched, kicking ball. Donald lost his nerve, shut his eyes and swung at it, connected. Fieldsmen were running, chasing it. The batsmen were racing like hares. At the other side of the field someone was cheering. The ball had reached the boundary.

"What did I tell you?" shouted the vicar, beating his stick on the ground.

Then everybody began clapping and shouting at once. People rushed on the field and crowded round the players. They cheered everybody.

It was usual to play on until both sides had finished an innings, and Donald lingered by the crease, but it was no good. Sunchurch had won after twenty-three years, that was all that mattered.

But Donald Macdonald, having scored only seventy-two, had lost.

He called to see Angela that evening about nine. She knew who it was as soon as he rang, and in a mild panic looked for her mother to answer the door. But her mother as usual was out of earshot in the greenhouse.

She let him in. "Hallo, Donald. Congratulations on the match—it was magnificent. I wanted to stop and speak to you but there was such a crowd."

In the sitting-room he looked taller and bigger than she had expected. He ruffled his hair and said: "I think I shall be kind of stiff in the morning—and all to no purpose."

"Sunchurch wouldn't think so. You've become their hero."

He smiled. "I'm afraid it isn't them I'm thinking of."

"But you should. They're nice people. Do sit down. Mummy will be in in a few minutes."

"I really didn't come to stop," he said. "I came—just to say sorry I didn't win that bargain, and to apologize for ever trying to make it."

Her usual easy manner wasn't working quite right tonight. "I made the bargain, Donald, so I should apologize. It was all—pretty silly and I'm very sorry."

He looked at her. "It was your way of saying no, wasn't it? Obviously you wouldn't have kept your agreement." He waited, but she was pushing some flowers into a vase. "Anyway, it was a kind of trick on my part."

"Trick?"

"Well, you weren't to know I'd played a lot of cricket. But when you said that last night, I thought, well, perhaps I *can* bring it off. Just *supposing* I do. . . ."

Angela said: "It wasn't a very nice trick, was it? What would you have done if we'd been serious? After all, Sunchurch won and you were not out. That's more than half the bargain."

He smiled gravely. "Well, I couldn't have taken half of you. . . . It's a good job we were fooling. I'll go now."

"Will you be playing tennis tomorrow?"

"If I'm not too stiff." He paused at the door and looked at her.

"Well?" she said, almost in the unfriendly voice in which she had made the compact.

"I'm still sorry I didn't bring it off."

"You certainly did your best," she said. "But it wasn't as good as those innings you played against the West Indies last year."

WITH his hand on the door he raised his head sharply. "Who told you about that?"

"Nobody told me about it. I happened to be there. My brother's in Edinburgh. Wasn't Scotland's first innings frightful?"

"It was Worrell in the heavy atmosphere," he said reminiscently. "Beautiful seam bowling. All the same we went to pieces."

"Well," she said, "it's something to be highest scorer, even for Scotland."

"*Even* for . . ." he began indignantly, but then patriotism was swamped. "But look here, this takes a lot of working out."

She said: "There's nothing to *work* out. It was a feeble little joke on both sides, that's all."

"I'm not so sure." He thought a long time and then came away from the door. "Was it a joke, if you knew that already? If I didn't cheat you, then maybe we should take the bargain seriously. You admitted I'd half won. Surely I have some sort of a claim."

"What to?"

"Even Shylock got his pound of. . . ."

She said: "That's enough."

There was another silence. He came into the centre of the room. She moved an inch or two round the table. He said: "All right, it was rot. We were fooling. Then let's go on fooling. It's not a bad way to live one's life."

"You can't go back on it now," she said breathlessly. "You've given me up."

He looked into her eyes, carefully, humorously, gravely, trying to see into her wayward independent heart. "All right, darling," he said. "Let's leave it at that now. I'll not press you. I promise I'll not press you. But I shall be coming back. Never forget that half of you belongs to me."

When she didn't speak, he added: "As long as you're generous enough to make it the better half I shan't mind."

THE END

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Tempers are flaring and the riot squads are in the streets; will Britain act in time to prevent bloodshed?

"YOU know," said the engineer in the next seat, "the soil's so thin that they have a law that when you build you've got to account for every foot you excavate, save it for moving elsewhere. . . ."

As the aircraft circuited to land he looked down eagerly at the island, grey and skeletal against the Mediterranean blue, a patchwork of narrow fields and straggling stone walls, broken now and then by clusters of stone houses or the domes of stone churches.

"Yes," he said, "it's just a great lump of limestone, Malta."

On this lump of limestone, seventeen miles long and nine wide, live 317,000 people, British subjects, of a complex and venerable racial amalgam. It is one of the densest populations in the world. And—it is a devoutly Catholic island—the birthrate is high. Between 1946 and 1954 natural increase added 60,500 mouths.

Just two things have made survival possible. The first is that for 140 years the island has been the plinth from which Britannia upheld her trident, ruled the waves. When the Mediterranean was a British lake, the Maltese dinner—be it never so humble—was assured.

The second thing declares itself, when one joins the people who, as the sun goes down, come pouring from their houses and shops to flow, a great, bubbling human stream along Kingsway, Valletta's mainstem, walled by the massive stone *auberges* of the Knights. On posters in the shop windows and doorways it proclaims itself boldly: *EMIGRANTI — SPECIAL PREZZO!*

In the Spinola Palace, where Kingsway begins its plunge down to the harbour, the people—of many casts of feature and shades of pigmentation—sit or stand in long lines, in the corridors, up the staircase, waiting patiently, clutching their documents. Upstairs, the Australian examining team has "processed" 1,300 in the last ten days.

In the ten years since 1946 over 67,000 Maltese have turn up their deep roots in their island. Emigration is the safety valve; without it the population would double in twenty-five years. But it is a desperate remedy: it takes away the vigorous and skilful and leaves the very

MUST MALTA BE ANOTHER CYPRUS?

by HARRY HOPKINS

young, the aged, the unattached women to their plight

And today plight often seems the word. For Sliema Creek, in prewar days choc-a-bloc with destroyers, is almost empty. That wonderful Grand Harbour, its promontories loaded down with the tremendous fortifications of successive Grandmasters, is far more blue than grey. Adjusting painfully to the new warfare of missiles and H-bombs, the Royal Navy cuts its commitments. Nato, not Britannia, rules in Malta now.

For years Maltese fathers have sought to get their sons into the dockyard. For that spelled security. Now it spells insecurity.

That is why for the last ten years Maltese delegations have been shuttling urgently between Valletta and Whitehall, alternating pleas with ultimatums," smiles with "walk-outs." And now Malta seems in danger of becoming another of Britain's Problem Islands as the police don steel helmets, "Englishmen Go Home" shouts go up in the streets and the ex-Prime Minister Dominic Mintoff, rants of "breaking Malta's chains" and accuses Sir Robert Laycock, the British governor who has taken over the administration, of "issuing proclamations with the same ease as that with which he puts down tots of gin."

It is a typical Mintoffism. For though Maltese politics have long been explosive, with interludes for fisticuffs, Dom Mintoff has imported a new note—a cheeky, earthy, plebeian note. It is the tone—and Whitehall might well aver the behaviour—of a strike leader, of an unofficial strike at that.

But though his solid support comes from the island's 19,000-strong General Workers' Union, Mintoff's "strike" has, in fact, long matured into a revolution. It is a social revolution—its nationalist element, such as it is, was not directed against Britain.

In prewar days Malta was dominated by its small professional middle class, lawyers, doctors, professors, administrators. These people liked to think of themselves as "Europeans." They spoke Italian and proudly proclaimed their elegant Italian culture. It was a strange, closed, artificial society, crowned by the island's ancient and petrified nobility, the "Most Noble" barons, marquises and counts whose sonorous titles mainly derive from the Grandmasters of the Knights of St John, the international military order—the Nato of their day—who made Malta their fortress for a last stand against the Infidel Turk.

Until 1934 the ordinary Maltese, when he appeared in court, was tried in Italian, a language he probably did not understand. Maltese, a venerable tongue whose complex origins are so lost in antiquity that the political parties have long fought over them, was merely the "vernacular" the despised patois of the island's (not unnaturally) largely illiterate peasantry.

But war is a mighty revolutionary. Though Italian nostalgia survives among elderly professional people, though *buona sera* is a common greeting in Valletta's streets in the evening, serious pro-Italianism and all it stood for was buried in the craters left by Kesselring's bombers, launched from Sicily, fifty-four miles away.

For the humble Maltese families war brought a booming standard of living, now quickly consolidated by the increasingly powerful and class-conscious General Workers' Union. In 1947 the Labour Party was swept into power.

And then came Dominic Mintoff, a young man in a tearing hurry to snatch the Labour leadership from Dr Boffa—characteristically because Boffa failed to confront the British with an ultimatum with what Mintoff conceived to be sufficient briskness. And here, it seemed to the humble folk of Malta, was the man who would lead them at last out of their stony wilderness and into the Promised Land.

The strength of Dominic Mintoff is that, in his person, he is at once a symbol and a witness of Malta's revolution. What endears him to his people is that though a successful architect who went to Oxford on a Rhodes Scholarship in 1939, he is still, so transparently, "one of us," not "one of them." Son of a naval cook, one of a typical Maltese family of nine, even as Prime Minister, with millions of pounds under his control, Mintoff has continued to behave with an offhand informality that may startle those who do not know him, but appears quite unstudied.

When young Dom took his place as Prime Minister in the Tapestry Chamber of that echoing and opulent palace of the Grandmasters—a council chamber since the days of the Knights—and proceeded to tell the "Imperial Government" in the dockworkers' own racy idiom just where it got off, when he indulged in such typical gestures as giving notice to the Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean, to quit the old house in Valletta which British admirals have occupied for over a century, or, at the time of Suez, sending men to cut down the poles of the island's Radio Rediffusion system because the Governor had put out a message without his knowledge, Maltese hearts went out to him, and the Promised Land seemed just around the corner.

Oddly enough, it was a Promised Land with a robustly British hue—not the British of the Imperial Government and Pall Mall, but the British of the Elephant and Castle. For though Britain might be 1,300 miles away there were few Maltese working-class families which did not have at least one member who was a cook, steward or seaman in the Royal Navy, another who worked in H.M. Dockyard and, possibly, a third who was a private or n.c.o. in the Royal Malta Artillery. Proudly displayed alongside the wedding groups on the walls of their homes hang pictures of warships in which family members served.

Ever since 1800, when Nelson's men came to the help of the Maltese in revolt against Napoleon's rule, the two races have rubbed shoulders on the island. Many Maltese let their houses to British service families, staying on themselves in one or two rooms. For years there has been intermarriage — Mintoff himself married an English girl from Cheltenham.

And, after the war, in the little bars that dot the island. The British Crown, the Friend-to-All, the Army-and-Navy, the Forget-Me-Not, the Rest-in-Heaven—the politically conscious Maltese dockyard workers talked excitedly of Labour's advent to power in Britain and the manifold wonders of the new Welfare State.

Thus, with something of the same generous emotion that moved Greek Cypriots to yearn for *enosis* with Greece, their spiritual home, the

Frances Bennett (second from right) watches girls learn to cook apple and apricot tarts

Members of St. Thomas's Youth Club present an exhibition of clothes made by themselves

Tough guys from Lambeth's backstreets made their youth club a battleground until one brave woman found . . .

The secret of taming

FRANCES BENNETT, the leader of a Lambeth, London, youth club, was half-way along the alley when she saw the gang of teddy boys. It was almost midnight and there was nobody else in sight. The teddy boys, seven of them, were waiting under the arch of a railway viaduct between her and the main road. She recognized them as hooligans whom she had suspended from her club.

For several weeks during the winter of 1957 rival groups of teddy boys had been carrying on gang warfare in the back streets of Lambeth. One gang had infiltrated into the youth club. Other gangs, armed with broken bottles, prowled outside ready to attack members as they left.

Frances Bennett tried to treat the teddy-boy newcomers as ordinary members of the club. She appointed one of them to the members' committee to represent his friends' interests. He began to bully the rest of the committee. The gang was offered use of all the club's recreational equipment. The teddy boys merely slouched about the building until one evening they broke up chairs in the main hall, wrecked the lavatories and threw fittings into the street.

When Miss Bennett confronted them with the damage next day, they meekly offered to repair the chairs and pay for the lavatories to be restored. But soon afterwards she caught the gang leader and six of his lieutenants exploding a home-made smoke bomb in the club. She ordered them outside. Through the windows they hurled more bombs. When she told them that they would be suspended for a month, they alternately pleaded to be allowed back and threatened her.

The teddy boys were in an angry mood when they eventually moved off. Three hours later they were in the alley as Miss Bennett closed the club and started on her way home through darkened streets.

"Women were being assaulted by teddy boys almost every other day," she says. "This was just the setting and these young toughs certainly had a grudge against me. I could only keep walking. It was a tense moment as I went under the railway arch. Then one of them called out: 'Goodnight, Ben.' The others began to giggle, and they all trooped off in the opposite direction."

Frances Bennett — "Ben" to all the 250 cockney teenagers of St. Thomas's Youth Club, Lambeth—is a small, fair-haired woman of forty-seven, with one of the toughest jobs in London's southside. As a full time club leader she works until nearly midnight five or six days a week for a salary of £300 a year.

Her club is housed in the modern welfare centre of St. Thomas's Hospital, but stands between the soot-grimed viaduct, a street-corner public house, rows of Victorian cottages and bombed sites. It is an area which policemen patrolled in pairs during Lambeth's teddy-boy troubles last year.

MANY of the boy members are burly youths who work in Covent Garden market. Some of the others build themselves up with shoulder pads, instinctively give different names every time they sign the club register, and are absent for twenty-eight days at a time for "borrowing a car" or "pulling a policeman's leg."

The girls, wearing clothes meant for older sisters, heavy make-up and artificial jewellery, work in chain stores and local offices, or still

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humble folk of Malta dreamed of being fully received at last into the British fold, and when—with his instinctive understanding of these people—Dominic Mintoff gave these vague aspirations form in a detailed plan for the "integration" of the island into the British economy, he was hoisted into power with acclaim.

Behind the emotional appeal there were strictly practical considerations. If the Maltese workers' standard of living had risen it was still very precarious, especially now that war damage work—for which Britain had voted £31 million—was tapering off. Wages were abysmally low in private concerns, almost always very small. Even those aristocrats of labour, the dockyard men, were embittered by working alongside British counterparts who drew pay packets fifty per cent higher than theirs.

But when, after a careful investigation by an all-party conference of British M.P.s, Sir Anthony Eden accepted Mintoff's bold integration plan providing for a gradual raising (over fifteen years) of the Maltese standard to British levels, with three Maltese M.P.s at Westminster, it seemed to many Maltese that their troubles were very nearly over.

Three years passed, and the millenium failed to arrive. Instead came the British Defence White Paper of 1957, with news of further rigorous naval cut-backs. Instead came rumours that in a few years the dockyard might be closed down.

Of Malta's total national income two-thirds is derived from the services; of Malta's employed population, over a quarter work for them. Panic is understandable.

"Malta," Dom Mintoff has often told his people, bitterly, "must either burn in war or starve in peace."

And, on the record so far, it is not an unjust comment. As in Cyprus, strategic importance brought human neglect. The little buses that today ply between Valletta and the island's many hamlets are painted in many different colour schemes, so that people will know where they go even if they cannot read their indicators. Illiteracy is widespread.

In the parched narrow fields, held between straggly stone walls, sun-blackened farmers are to be seen cutting their grain, handful by handful, with sickles. The average holding is four acres, in four or five scattered pieces.

Here and there a plodding donkey turns some ancient waterwheel, and a little patch of earth is suddenly fertile and heavy with growing vegetables. Here and there an artesian well clanks and rattles. But extra pumping is forbidden lest the island's tenuous water supply, already unpleasantly saline in some summer months, is further endangered. The sparse soil which is almost treeless is dangerously eroded. Land is going out of cultivation. Farmers emigrate.

Despite the island's magnificent natural harbours, despite its capacity for entrepôt trade, there are no quayside berths for ships over two thousand tons. Fishing boats have been so small and underpowered that the island buys from Italy more than twice the amount of fish its own men catch.

No wonder Dom Mintoff is a young man in a hurry! He believes, and British experts agree, that given the necessary pump-priming capital from Britain, Malta can be put in shape to stand more nearly on her own feet.

The water, for instance, is there. But the upper water table must be developed, reservoirs built. It will take five years and cost several millions.

One "resource" Malta *does* have in unlimited supply: a climate that is a holidaymaker's paradise, sun (averaging seven hours daily even in winter), sandy beaches and the warm, blue sea. Bringing in over £500,000 a year, tourism is already the island's biggest single non-services "export."

But the Church's "Decency in Dress, Please" notices in shop windows, its prohibition of two-piece bathing suits, are not well calculated to draw Riviera holidaymakers. Mintoff's plan to

by PETER JACKSON

teddy boys

revert to gym slips each morning to go to school A fourteen-year-old girl who said that her ambition was to be a children's nurse was discovered entering the club with a heavy cosh in her handbag

St Thomas's first leader stayed only two months. The second left after ten months. Miss Bennett, the third leader, is still there after sixteen years. She has known as youth-club members many of the parents of today's rock 'n' roll youngsters

"That could date me," she says. "But so far I have managed to keep young enough in mind to avoid being dismissed as a 'square'."

Miss Bennett, joining the teenagers in table tennis or cookery, model engineering or do-it-yourself skiffle, physical training or just listening to gramophone records, has doubled her club's membership since she took over as leader. She is one of the reasons why the 2,193 clubs of the National Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs increased their total membership to almost 145,000 last year The National Association of Boys' Clubs has 151,900 members in 2,130 clubs

Youth clubs are flourishing despite the distractions of National Service, early marriages, coffee bars, dance halls, television and the teddy boy element

"It's because we have got away from the idea that youth clubs are evening institutes in disguise," says Frances Bennett. "We now stress that they are *clubs*, where young people can meet to do what they want to do, even if at first that is doing nothing in particular. Because teenagers cannot remain idle for long they soon reveal their own interests for us to encourage and develop

"As for the tough element, I find the tougher they come here the more they respond to being treated as civilized youngsters'

When the seven trouble-making teddy boys returned to the club after their month's suspension, they found themselves without a gang to lead, and stayed less than a week With the ringleaders out of the way, the other teddy boys had been absorbed into club life

Some of them, learning that Dick Richardson, the heavyweight boxer, had been a member of the club and still pays occasional visits, began to join in the gymnastic sessions. Others became keen members of the basketball team and the drama group One teddy boy shaved off his sideburns "to get into a decent job."

Frances Bennett relies upon her own quiet, purposeful manner to control 250 boisterous teenagers. When fighting develops in the club she merely walks into the middle of the brawl and reminds those involved where they are. This approach is usually successful But the last time Miss Bennett intervened in a fight, she was thrown to the floor and trampled underfoot as two youths continued to grapple with each other.

Doors and cupboards in the club are never locked. One member walked into the leader's office and stole a radio

"But I won't change my tactics because of occasional failures," says Frances Bennett "Most teenagers eventually respond to good example When he stops trying to impress the rest of the world with his toughness, the typical teddy boy usually turns out to be a decent lad"

It was a teddy-boy member who suggested the collecting box in the entrance hall. The teenagers

Continued on page 34

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

The majority of St. Thomas's members ensure that unruly behaviour does not disturb the work of their club. Here a local policeman, Gordon McCormack, leads a gymnastic class

establish a casino on the island was sternly squashed by Archbishop Gonzi

Malta, an old jest goes, has three governments In the old days it was the Grandmaster of the Knights, the Grand Inquisitor and the Archbishop. Now it is the Imperial Government, Dom Mintoff—and the Archbishop. It does not make for tranquillity

Yet the Most Reverend Michael Gonzi, an incisive, alert little man of seventy-three, is no obscurantist reactionary Deeply knowledgeable about the island's social conditions, he is concerned at the jet-age speed with which this devout, simple-minded people is emerging from the Middle Ages into this frenetic modern world

Short of striking oil—which the British Petroleum prospecting team has so far failed to do—the island's best hope must be in attracting progressive light industries. One of the biggest breweries in the Mediterranean area has been built there since the war and is now exporting successfully to many countries. It points the way ahead

The Maltese are good workers, lively minded, teachable And to the lure of a good climate and labour costs at half the British level the Mintoff government planned to add prepared industrial estates, liberal tax exemptions, the grant of local monopolies.

The dynamic Mintoff — if only he could moderate his impatience—is clearly the man, perhaps the only man, to build this New Malta. In three years he has propelled his island farther into the modern age than it previously advanced in three decades.

In 1956 a system of social insurance on the British model began to operate. Plans for a new civil harbour are complete. New underground galleries for water have been driven, slums cleared Technical education, the key to Malta's future, is being vigorously expanded And millions of pounds—sums vastly larger than ever before—have been extracted from a not unwilling Britain, and put to work

But now, denied the last million pounds of British aid, denied an immediate underwriting of "equivalence" with Britain, Mintoff "walks out" again, talks of "breaking Malta's chains," while his followers chant "Englishmen Go Home!"—a slogan scarcely likely to clinch a deal with the British industrialists Malta has been wooing

At this point—as often enough before in the Malta story—the practical, down-to-earth Briton finds himself baffled

He might find a clue, perhaps, in the strange reflection that, on the Maltese side, the long relationship with Britain has been a sort of love affair And for a long time now Maltese love and loyalty has seemed to them unrequited Before the war the ordinary Maltese felt himself scorned and rejected by Imperial officialdom Now, when at last the engagement had been announced and all seemed set for a fine white wedding, Britain quibbles over the dowry and hesitates to name the day

Like the inhabitants of many islands—our own perhaps included—the Maltese are apt to cherish the illusion that the world revolves around them And to this defect of vision are added two qualities perhaps derived from Arab ancestors—a sense of justice and injustice as absolute blacks and whites, and an overwhelming instinctive desire to haggle and bargain

It adds up to a combination likely to require every ounce of sang-froid a British Colonial Secretary can summon to his support. Yet, exasperating as Mintoff undoubtedly is, we might do well to bear in mind that our colonial failures have generally been due, neither to lack of good plans or intentions but to simple failure of human understanding

On their side, the Maltese will have to realize that, though a good, bold idea, integration is a technically difficult operation which can only come gradually, with give and take on both sides

So far, Mintoff, still more strike leader than statesman, has been preoccupied with the "take" side of the equation. THE END

Jappic made a nest in the hay for Maria. Then he lay awake for a while, thinking about the little lost boy

Looking for Jappie

he was a very strange little boy. Not only to animals—he even took their advice

by STUART CLOETE

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

GROOT HENDRIK MARAIS of Sterkfontein, in the Waterberg, one of the finest farms in South Africa, was depressed. He was convinced that his youngest son, Jappie, the apple of his eye, was mad. Not seriously mad, but just mad enough to make him completely inexplicable, a boy like no other boy that he or anybody else had ever seen in these parts.

He must talk to Jacoba about him. He screwed up his courage at last and said: "I believe that our Jappie is mad. I can find no other explanation. *Ja*," he said, "it's a fine thing, my heart, that we should have four fine children and that the fifth, at the age of six, goes mad."

"No, Hendrik," his wife said, "our Jappie is not mad."

"Not mad? Just look at the cats we have. Ten cats, and every one brought home by Jappie. *Magtig!* In a place where there are no cats he finds one and comes back with it in his arms."

"There are no mice," Jacoba said.

"No mice! Does it take ten cats to have no mice? And the oxen? Why did he let the oxen out of the kraal and into the mealies?"

"I asked him," Jacoba said.

"*Ja*, you asked him, and what did he say?"

He said, 'Ma, the oxen looked so sad and they said: "Please, Jappie, let us out and into the lovely green mealies."'

"That proves what I said. He is mad. A son who talks to the oxen and does what they say. And he used to be such a good boy."

"He's still a good boy," Jacoba Marais said. "It's just that he loves too much. He wants everybody to be happy.'

"What about me? When the oxen eat my mealies, does that make me happy? A son who prefers the oxen to his pa? And what about the time he came home naked, carrying his clothes after a big rain, with us worrying about him, thinking he might be drowned in the *spruit* or struck by lightning?"

"He looked so sweet," Jacoba said. "*Ja*, he looked like a little angel—except for the wings—standing there in the doorway."

"Give me more coffee," Hendrik said, "before I go mad, too." He gulped the coffee and said: "I suppose he told you about that, too?"

"*Ja*, he told me."

"What did he say?"

"He said he knew I got worried about him getting wet and he thought it was because of his clothes being spoiled, so he took them off and had them in an old ant heap.

"Then he sat down and waited for the rain to stop. He knew it would not last. Then he got them out and decided that it felt nice to be naked on the veld and that the sun was nice and warm on his body, and by that time he was so nearly home that it did not seem worth putting them on, since it was nearly dark and almost time for bed. He is a very intelligent child, Hendrik . . ."

Jappie, hidden under the long folds of the green tablecloth where he was playing at tents, agreed with his mother. He knew he was intelligent, that he would have a great future.

He loved his mother, who was the source of all food and comfort and stood between him and the world—a soft cushion between him and reality. His father, Groot Hendrik, he loved also, but in the way one loved God. His father was authority, and when each morning he read aloud the word of God, it seemed to Jappie that it was He who was speaking. God in his father's form, or his father in God's.

WHAT astonished him about all grown-up people was their skill and strength, the things they knew and could do. But with this wonder went a surprise at their lack of wisdom and understanding. Even his mother could not understand his relationship with animals, with which he had long involved conversations.

The oxen, the horses, the dogs, the cats, chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, guinea-fowl, even the bees—all had things to tell him. The wild birds, too, and the beetles and things that crawled over the veld. Even the lizards and the snakes all had their own ways of expressing themselves, and were not to be feared if they understood that you loved them as brothers. . . .

But now the big thing on his mind was the trip that was under discussion. The whole family was going to a big political meeting in the truck. They were taking a tent, food and cooking pots, and were going to camp there for a week.

This was the biggest thing that had happened in Jappie's life. There would be bands and merry-go-rounds—a funfair with sideshows of bearded women, two-headed calves, mermaids and other wonders of which he had heard. There would be many strange children with whom he would play.

At last the great day came. The truck was loaded. The children, all dressed in their best clothes, sat on the big rolled tent. There were hampers of food, baskets of eggs, bottles of home-brewed peach brandy, jars of preserves, pa's rifle (for there would be shooting competitions; some of ma's embroidery (for the ladies would compete, too, in such feminine arts—carefully wrapped in crinkly tissue.

Now they were off, and in the excitement of travel, of the dust that rose in clouds, the new country, the other cars and wagons they passed, Jappie was swamped with a sense of adventure.

They stopped once to eat by the roadside. Then they went on, and Jappie slept with his head in his mother's lap. Then they were there. The tent was raised beside a big blue gum. His pa made a fire. Ma and Susanna and Frederika cooked the dinner. Jappie hurried himself to sleep to make tomorrow come quicker.

AT the first dawn he was up, crying out for breakfast so that he could be off, so that the day could really begin. And at last his mother changed his shirt and trousers, washed his face once more, combed his yellow hair into a crest like a cockscomb, and told him to be a good boy and not to get lost.

Get lost indeed! Were they mad? Even his pa and ma, to think he could get lost when they were camped by a big blue gum—far the biggest for miles around!

Jappie was enjoying himself. He had had no idea that there were so many people in the world. In his life he had seen about three hundred people—the whole population of Boomspruit when they came to church on Sunday, or to the fair or the circus.

They had, till now, represented the total population of the world. But this was wonderful: this new world of strange legs and skirts. He moved among them as if they were a forest of moving trees. He stared with large blue eyes at everything. He stared at a young woman who was eating pink sweets till she gave him one and stroked his head. Jappie did not care for being stroked, but he liked sweets.

He stood at the entrance of a sideshow tent. People were going in and coming out. He went in with some others, but he was stopped by a man who wanted money.

"I have no money, sir," he said. "I do not wish to buy anything, only to see."

A big man said: "You want to see the bearded lady?"

"Yes, sir," he said, "but I have no money."

The man took his hand and led him in, paying a shilling for him. The man explained that bearded ladies were very rare, which was why it cost a shilling to see one.

Jappie said: "My pa has a beard, a long yellow beard. My pa is Groot Hendrik. You have heard of him, I expect?"

The man laughed and said: "*Ja*, naturally I

have heard of him. All the world knows of Groot Hendrik.'

Jappie said, "Yes, sir," because, of course, all the world had heard of his pa.

The bearded lady looked just like a lady with a beard. . . .

Then a great voice roared over the air. "Attention!" it said. "Attention, please! A little boy is lost. If he is found, please take him to the Red Cross tent. His name is Jappie Marais. He is six years old and is wearing a white shirt, khaki shorts and no shoes. He has blond hair and blue eyes."

This made Jappie laugh. How odd that a boy of his own name should be lost. But of course Jappie was a common name, as was Marais.

His walk now had an object. It would be nice to find his little cousin, a boy of his own age and name, and play with him. *I will seek him*, Jappie thought, and to every small boy he saw he said: "Are you by any chance my cousin, Jappie Marais, who is lost?"

He found several small boys called Jappie and several called Marais, but no Jappie Marais. He found a black-and-white pup.

Jappie said: "Dog, you look sad and bedraggled. Perhaps you are lost like the small boy I am seeking."

The dog said: "No, I am not lost. I am abandoned. I need a home and a master."

"You have found both," Jappie said. "Come, let us go on together."

He found a lady's handbag which somebody had dropped which he would give to his pa, who would find its rightful owner; and all the time he wondered about this lost child, this other Jappie, thinking how awful it must be to be lost.

Then the loudspeaker blared out again. "Will anybody who knows the whereabouts of Jappie Marais, six years old, wearing a white shirt, khaki shorts and no shoes, report to the Red Cross tent."

How odd that his cousin should be his own age and dressed exactly as he was. This struck Jappie as a very satisfactory coincidence. *We shall have a lot in common*, he thought.

A big man who smelled of horses and tobacco put his hand on Jappie's shoulder. "And what are you doing, boy, all by yourself?'

"Me?" Jappie said. "Why, I'm looking for my cousin, Jappie Marais, who has got himself lost."

"Small boys do get lost, you know," the man said.

"Only if they are from the *dorp*, sir. Us country boys can find our way around. My pa is camped by the big blue gum that is standing by itself. My pa is Groot Hendrik of the Waterberg.'

"I'm sure he is," the man said, taking his hand. "Now shall we see if your cousin is on the merry-go-round?"

"You think he might be?" Jappie said hopefully. "I should like to find him so that we could play together."

The man led him on towards the loud music that came from the merry-go-round. The animals—horses, giraffes, ostriches and zebras—went round and round and up and down.

"Can I ride a zebra?" Jappie said.

"*Ja*, you can ride anything you want." The man bought a ticket and gave it to an attendant, who lifted Jappie up on the back of a zebra.

"I can see far from here," Jappie said, as he stared about him, "but I do not see any other little boy dressed like me, sir." Then he said: "Will you hold my dog, sir? He will try to follow me.'

"*Ja*, I will hold him." The man bent down and picked up the pup.

This was a fine sensation, going round and round past all the staring people.

When the merry-go-round came to a stop at last, the man put the pup down. It ran to Jappie and jumped up, licking his face.

"He loves you," the man said.

"*Ja*," Jappie said. "He is a very loving dog and thank you very much, sir. We must now continue our search for Jappie. His parents will be anxious if I do not find him soon."

Then he saw a small girl in a blue dress, crying. She had long black hair and sobbed bitterly. She had no handkerchief, so Jappie went up to her and lent her his.

"I am Maria," she said, "and I am four years old, and I am lost."

"Never mind, Maria," Jappie said. "I will take care of you. You just come with me. We will see everything and then I will take you to my pa. He will find your pa. There is nothing my pa cannot do." He gave her the handbag to carry like a grown-up and, followed by the pup, they wandered through the crowd.

Maria said: "Where are we going, Jappie?"

"We are going to find my cousin, Jappie, who is lost."

What does he look like?" she asked.

Jappie said: "He is six years old, with blue eyes, fair hair, no shoes and is dressed in a white shirt and khaki shorts."

Maria looked at him. "Why," she said, "he must be very like you."

"*Ja*, Maria, that's it. That's why I want to find him. He has my name, too. He is my cousin and we could play together."

Maria began to cry again. "I want my pa and ma. I am hungry."

"That's nothing," Jappie said. "Come." He led her to a group of people sitting on the veld, eating sandwiches. He went up to a big fat woman and said: "Auntie, this little girl is hungry. Will you give us some food?"

The woman laughed, and then everybody laughed, and she said: "Sit."

They sat with the others and were given cups of coffee and sandwiches and sausages.

"What is your name?" the woman asked.

Jappie said: "I am Jappie, and I am seeking my cousin, Jappie Marais, who is lost in this great crowd. Is that not a terrible thing for a child?'

A man with his mouth stuffed full of sausage said: "We heard that announcement. Perhaps he is found by now."

"I do not know," Jappie said, "but we will continue to seek him. And now, thank you. We must go now and find this lost boy."

He took Maria's hand and, followed by the pup, was soon lost in the crowd.

They walked on hand in hand till Maria said she was tired. Jappie said: "I am tired, too. We will find a place to rest.'

Before long he saw some forage piled up near two wagons and, leading Maria to it, made a nest in the hay for them both. They lay down together, and the puppy stretched out with them. It was very peaceful and pleasant in the hay. For a little while Jappie worried about the lost boy, but then decided that he must be safe by now. He closed his eyes and slept.

When they awoke it was late afternoon, and Jappie said: "Now we will go and find my pa. You will see then that with him there is nothing to fear. He will find your pa and the owner of the bag.'

He pulled Maria to her feet and brushed the hay out of her hair and off her blue dress with his hand. "Now we will go,' he said. And they set off for the big blue gum where his father's truck was parked.

When they got near the tent, Jappie saw his sister. He waved to her. She rushed into the tent and shouted: "Ma! Pa! There he is. There's Jappie coming. He has a dog and a little girl with him."

Then she ran towards him, her hair flying out behind her. "Where have you been, Jappie? The whole world has been looking for you? How did you get lost?'

"*Ja*, how did you get lost?" his father said, swinging him up on to his shoulder. "I have been looking everywhere and just come back to tell your ma that I was going to the police again to see if they had found you."

"Lost?" Jappie said. He had his hand fast in his father's beard. "Lost? Me lost? No," he said. "I was not lost.

"I was looking for that poor little boy, our cousin, Jappie Marais, who is lost. I thought how worried his pa and ma would be with a small boy like that lost among so many people. I could not find him, Pa, but I found Maria. She is lost and I said you would find her pa and ma.

"I also found Job, which is what I call my dog, because he has many troubles, and I love him very much. And I love Maria, too, and I found a handbag."

"Jappie," his mother said, taking him from his father, "Jappie, did you not hear on the radio about Jappie Marais being lost?"

"*Ja*," he said. "That's why I took so long. I was seeking him. Then I found Maria. She was hungry, so we got food. Then she was sleepy, so we slept."

"Jappie," she said, putting him down, "you were looking for Jappie?'

"*Ja*," he said, "for Jappie Marais, my cousin."

"*Magtig*," his father said. "Jappie looking for Jappie. Our Jappie looking for himself."

"For me?" Jappie said. "How could it have been me? I was never lost." He put his arm around Maria and kissed her. The pup jumped high and licked the faces of the children.

Jappie said: "Pa, if Maria is really lost, can we keep her? I love her.'

"And Job?" Hendrik said.

"*Ja*, Job, too. I love him."

"Come," Hendrik said, "we will eat. Then I will find the parents of Maria and take the handbag to the police." He smiled: "Jacoba, you are right again. Our Jappie is not mad. It is just that he loves too much." THE END

© *Stuart Cloete, 1958*

DEGAS

Another modern masterpiece—a famous ballet scene by Degas—has been chosen by Sir John Rothenstein and will appear in superb full colour . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

IN SHORT

The New Baby

Why does the baby sleep all day, Daddy?

He's tired

Was he kicking up again last night?

Yes.

Did you have to walk about with him?

Yes

Isn't it funny the way he stays awake all night and sleeps all day?

Very funny

I never feel sleepy during the day do you, Daddy? I said I never feel sleepy

I heard you. I'm trying to have a nap

Will the baby come camping with us this year?

I don't think we'd better go camping.

Would he be just a passenger?

Yes.

Babies aren't much use to begin with are they?

No

Couldn't we have left him in the hospital until he'd learned the right time to sleep?

Why don't you go out and play?

There's nobody to play with. They're all on holiday. Aren't we going to have a holiday at all this year?

Not till the baby settles down properly

Do you mean when he wakes up during the day?

Yes.

We'll. I think he's started settling down. Daddy I can hear him yelling now. Do you think he's started settling——

LIONEL DAVIDSON

Foreign Affairs

The gourmet who took a slice of caramel cake from the desk of Policewoman Audrey Amos in the Christchurch, New Zealand central police station may wish that he (or she) had not succumbed to temptation. The cake was part of the evidence in a case of food poisoning.

The Forum Of The Twelve Caesars is the name of a new Manhattan restaurant devoted to epicurean meals based on classical recipes of the Romans. The menu includes such delicacies as truffle-stuffed quail wrapped in Macedonian vine leaves and baked in hot ashes. Manager Alan Lewis a so supplies bicarbonate on request—served in authentic Ancient Roman urns.

A newspaper campaign in Australia to encourage the eating of grasshoppers as "a public service" raised no eyebrows in the Explorers' Club. According to Earl Allyn, they are crunchy when fried and you can munch them by the handful when watching television. Just for good measure, he adds that "lava worms from old volcanoes are nice, too."

Words Of Wisdom

When I was a boy at Harrow in 1900 the great Thousand Mile Motor Trial took place and was to pass near the school. I asked if I could go and see it, pointing out that it was a memorable occasion. My housemaster said, "Certainly not," but I went, anyway.

The net result was a double punishment—for going and for disobeying the instruction not to go. From that incident I learned always to apply this maxim. If you are determined to break a rule, don't ask. Break it.

LORD BRABAZON

Cat

Our cat's a self-willed quadruped
Who does no work for board or bed.

His coat is black with tail to match it
And furry-tufted ears to thatch it.

His food's best fish, best milk his cuppa,
He never is a washing-up-er.

His times for sleep are not clock-hampered,
He's free and yet extremely pampered.

He thrives upon the love or quarrels,
He has no conscience and no morals.

Our cat is the epitome
Of all that I should like to be.

B. A. GIBBS

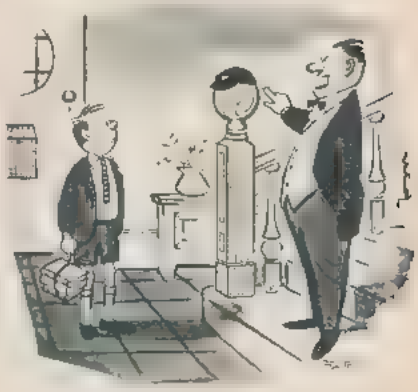
Just Published

Perhaps the most interesting, and certainly the most typical sight would be the bathers descending from their wooden bathing machines in grotesque costumes, the females vested in long flannel smocks, with their hair hanging unprotected in long rat tails. They enter the sea, a few to swim, but most merely to be ducked by paid attendants—"dippers" for the ladies, "bathers" for the men, for the sexes took their diversions in discreet separation.

Martha Gunn was the most famous of the "dippers," as was "Smoaker" Miles of the "bathers." Their duties included watching and if necessary rescuing too adventurous swimmers, as well as ducking the more timid. It is said that "Smoaker" once dragged the Prince Regent back by the ear when he had ventured too far and that on another occasion he forcibly prevented him from tempting a rough sea, saying, "What do you think your father would say if you was drowned? He'd say 'This is all along of you, Smoaker, if you'd taken proper care of him, Smoaker, poor George would still be alive.'"

A description of Regency Brighton from *Along The South Downs* by David Harrison, published on June 12 by Cassell.

Starke's Guide To The Happy Home



"If your son's school reports are giving rise to any anxiety, helpful encouragement can often achieve much. In no circumstances should you descend to sarcasm or ridicule"

Prophet With Portfolio

Consider the long-range planner,
The viewer of things up ahead,
Who peers in a far-seeing manner
The moment he rises from bed.

Yes, morning to evening with eyes on
What others can't see when they stare,
He's gazing beyond the horizon
While cracking his shin on a chair.

Though year after year he grows thinner
And grayer, his eyes on a star,
Forgetting to come home for dinner,
Misplacing the keys to the car,

It's he who forever is scheming
Of things that tomorrow will hold.
His brain is incessantly teeming
With plans that are brilliant and bold.

Oh, we're glad there's a long-range viewer,
We're happy to pay him his pay,
As long as a plain short-term doer
Is around to take care of today.

RICHARD ARMOUR

"Mummy, do you know how long a tube of toothpaste is . . . ?"

Apache

by WILLIAMS FORREST

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN BERRY

At last the Indian boy could prove his manhood to the tribe . . . by watching a slow fire kill his only friend

The American trapper, one of the tough, solitary mountain men, had come out of the foothills of the Sierra Madre in old Mexico on to the dun-grey plain. With a manner almost indolent, he headed his horse towards the hut of plaited wood and mud.

The Mexican shepherd and his Indian boy helper were squatting beside the hut, preparing supper. The sheep, numbering over two thousand according to the calculation of the mountain man, were spread over the plain, the intelligent dogs caring for them. It was summer, 1839.

As the horseman drew close, the shepherd stood up from his heels. The door of the hut, a piece of skin, was pulled back over a peg, and just inside a ewe was suckling a lamb. The ewe came outside and towards the flock, the lamb following hurriedly, already learning its trade.

The Mexican peered out with great dark eyes from under his sombrero, his face was gentle and brooding. The Apache boy stood straight and tense.

His rank black hair was visible below his hat. He was short of leg, thick in the chest, like his people. He looked strong but oddly cowed.

"Good day, *señor*," said the shepherd in Spanish.

Without answering, the mountain man dismounted, unsaddled and unpacked his horses, rubbed their backs where heat and pressure had made them itch, then he hobbled them to graze.

"Boy," he said to the Apache, "water my horses." He spoke in Apache.

The boy ran for water and a container. The mountain man sat cross-legged several feet from the fire.

The shepherd looked at him. "I would be honoured, *señor*, if you would have supper."

The mountain man laughed to himself, everything here was his if he wanted it, and to offer it to him was a droll formality.

While he ate, the Apache boy watched in wonder. This man was like an Apache. He did not eat, he gorged. The Mexican stood close by, with the mien of a frightened servant. There was something so fierce about the way this man ate that it gave him fears.

The mountain man was served tortillas, goat's milk, mutton and peppers. He ate and belched. He had grease on his chin. When he was finally finished, he spread the grease on his face and rubbed it in, easing the tight, sun-dried skin. Then he demanded entertainment. "Get your *bajuela*!" he roared. "Do you not know that I am your guest?"

"*Si, si*," said the Mexican.

He scurried to the hut and returned with the giant jews'-harp. Night was coming. The sheep made a soft sound as if they walked and chewed on their own straggly wool. A sudden current of air came from the mountains, broken as if by rocks and their heat. The Mexican began to play the soft music of the lonely plains.

The mountain man wept, unashamedly. The Apache boy stared at him in amazement. Apaches could not, would not, cry. And yet this man did not do it like a woman. There was something big, awesome about his lusty freedom to weep. Puzzled, the boy watched him.

Night capped the world. At last the songs stopped.

* * *

In the morning the mountain man stretched and asked, "What is your name, boy?"

"I am called Tuzimo."

The mountain man was looking out over the flock—the scrub sheep, lean, patient, enduring. "You are a slave, Tuzimo?"

"Si." The boy's mouth grew tight. No Apache would be here otherwise.

"How long have you been in slavery, Tuzimo?"

"This I do not know, *señor*."

"Try to think about it," said the big man.

The dark, sharp eyes of the boy gazed at the mountains. Then he said, "I have been here four times."

The mountain man nodded. "And have you worked with the sheep all the time of your slavery?"

"Si."

"Then you have been a slave for four years now. You have come here for the summer pasture four times."

"Si."

In a softened voice, the big man said, "You are free. I will take you with me."

Tuzimo made no sign of gratitude, but he stepped eagerly closer, was offered a stirrup and mounted behind. The shepherd rushed forward so agitatedly that his hat fell into the dust. Words of protest were jumbled on his thick lips.

The mountain man laughed into the gaping face of the Mexican. "An Apache must be free!" he cried. "God made it that way! He put it in 'em! *Waagh!*" he cried suddenly, in the way of mountain men, who loved the fierce epithet of the bear. "*Waagh!*" And then he howled like a coyote, and the frightened sheep milled and poured outwards.

Hours later, the horses lifted their heads, whinnied. Tuzimo, too, could smell water after a while.

Near the spring the mountain man paused beside an anthill. He let the horses go to water, but rationed them. When the horses were satisfied, he himself drank. Then he made a motion that permitted the boy to drink.

The mountain man scratched and cursed, speaking his first words for the afternoon. He laid his clothes over the anthill. He told Tuzimo to take off his clothes and throw them away.

"Lie down on that anthill, Tuzimo," he said.

Without question, Tuzimo did as he was told. The mountain man stuffed bits of cloth into his ears. "Hold your nose," he said, "breathe through your teeth. The ants will get all the lice. Right now they're taking millions of 'em from your hair." Tuzimo did as he was bidden. He closed his eyes as tightly as he could.

The agony started at once: slow, exquisite. Tuzimo did not permit himself to ask himself a question. When would the big man tell him he could stand up? Tribal memory was wrought in him, as if his teaching had never been interrupted. No tears came to his eyes, no sound from his lips.

He remembered what had happened when he lied before he was captured by the Mexicans.

and made a slave: he remembered the taste of the animal skin that had muffled his cries and caught his tears. He had learned not to cry.

Get up, Tuzimo.

He did so, but he did not yelp and prance. Needles were in his body. His flesh screamed for him silently.

"Come here." Tuzimo. The mountain man rubbed him with whisky. The needles grew red hot. He tasted blood in his mouth, where he had bitten his tongue that wished to make an outcry and dishonour him.

See, Tuzimo, what I have made for you. The big man had been at work with his knife and a strip of skin. And now Tuzimo had a clout, sewn on a strip of hide that circled his waist.

They had supper. Darkness grew up over them. The fire of mesquite wood burned slow. The mountain man tossed Tuzimo a blanket. By now Tuzimo's pain had been absorbed into a deep dark sense of well-being.

For several hours before they camped the next night, Tuzimo knew that the mountain man was reading sign. He was reading all the messages that animals or people left on the trail.

When they camped, no fire was built. But Tuzimo did not ask any questions, and no answers were offered to him. They slept, the mountain man lightly, partly listening as he slept, and Tuzimo was listening with him, not knowing what for.

At length, in the dark stillness, Tuzimo felt himself drifting away; and before night closed fully behind his lids he wondered if the mountain man had read sign of Apaches who had passed. So wonderful this would be. His people nearby.

Serene, Tuzimo slept, holding close his last thought, sleeping fearlessly, for after all, he too was an Apache. He was a Coyotero Apache, of the people who believed in the coyote as a creature that could bring fine, pleasant messages. And he remembered, dimly in a mist, in beginning sleep, that the mountain man had made the call of the coyote—and was this not a sign of its own, and an important one?

In his sleep the boy found a coyote nearby. He heard its panting breath. He looked into its gleaming eyes and a vision came about. Visions were highly prized among the Apaches.

His people were following the coyote, and he was among them. His people were hungry and were stumbling. Only he among them was strong. He ran beside the coyote and admonished him gently to wait for his people.

At dawn they were coming down from a hill. The coyote was herding a flock of sheep towards the hill. Tuzimo thanked him. The coyote dragged down a lamb and began to devour it. With shouts of joy the Apaches took out their knives and fell on the sheep.

They had a mighty feast that lasted a long time. And everybody was smiling. And they said Tuzimo was a healer and would be the chief of the band. And where the sheep had been killed beautiful grass grew.

In the morning Tuzimo said steadfastly, "I had a vision. In this I was with my people."

"You had a true vision," said the mountain man. "Soon you will be with your people."

"You will take me to them?"

"In front of you there is a ridge. You will cross the ridge and run to the west. The faster you go the sooner you will be with your people."

Tuzimo looked long at the mountain man, and the big man recognized the heavy dark skin, the broad line of the chin, the rank jet hair, the big chest and the short, wiry thighs. Apache, and he understood the long look, without gratitude or friendliness, but touched with a certain admiration and even superstition—Apache.

Then the boy could not help but say, "I do not know why you have helped me."

The mountain man was surprised. An Apache would not have ordinarily asked. He looked closely at the boy. And he was embarrassed. He said, "God believes this, this old man thinks that men or children shouldn't be slaves. Do you know God?"

Solemnly Tuzimo nodded. "I was sent to a mission school."

The mountain man smiled. "Good. It is good. There is a Christian word—compassion. It is to be kind and gentle, but bravely. In a man's way. Boy, remember compassion—and now go."

The boy stood on the ridge, turned and waved. The big man waved back. The boy ran westward, disappearing over the ridge. And the mountain man began to work swiftly. He must obscure his trail, if possible.

Soon he was on his way. He did not regret his bravado in releasing the Apache from slavery. But he hurried. Once, a long time ago, he had trusted Apaches, but he no longer could.

Tuzimo ran limberly, bent-kneed, almost crouching. He had been observed for some time now without knowing it. He was moving through a canyon when a warrior stepped from behind a rock and fell in beside him. Tuzimo did not falter with surprise or fear, and the warrior made a sound of approval. He was led north, and soon he came to the camp of his people.

Word of his approach had preceded him. Curious women and children were standing in front of the tepees, watching him silently. Ahead of him, as he slowed to a walk, was a tall, haughty man with a red rag round his head.

Tuzimo would never forget the next half-hour. At first it was difficult for him, he was prodded and pushed when he could not fluently explain himself, where he had come from and why. He tried to tell his story in Apache and could not. The leader began to speak to him in Spanish and seemed to look upon him kindly. Beside him stood a short, blunt-faced man wearing a tall black hat. He was the shaman, or priest, of the band.

Tuzimo told about the mountain man and then said that he had had a vision, that he would lead his people to much food. He was not laughed at and the hungry people crowded around him. He could tell that they were hungry and also that they wished war. He blazed with inner excitement, but did his best not to let them see it.

He said, almost unthinking, "I think it is the white man who has made this possible."

But they grumbled and prodded him, and the short man with the tall hat said, "He is an enemy, a white eye, and must be killed. Perhaps he will lead troops to us and they will kill us all."

Tuzimo shook his head.

"The white eyes have forked tongues," said the short one. "We are hungry and ready for revenge against all. For are not all against the Apaches?"

The short one went on. "We will follow Tuzimo. We will follow the white eye, too, and meet on the plain with the sheep."

The tall leader said, "Wait. Tuzimo shall speak. It is his vision."

Tuzimo wanted to protest against the shaman, but something else covered it and he did not, and he said nothing.

It could prove him more of an Apache, after four years with the Mexicans, if he could listen to the mountain man's cries under torture and not say anything. And it would prove him, too, as a judge of men, if his brave mountain man remained silent.

He knew that among his people it was good to torture: it proved how weak were your enemies, and it showed you how high and bright could be the courage of man. There was no finer thing than to torture weaklings and feel contempt or torture the strong man and feel the wish to be as valiant.

"We go," said the leader.

There were thirty warriors in the band, and sixty women and children. Ten warriors stayed with the women and children, and a rendezvous was planned for a point farther south in the mountains, where a great number of sheep could be placed and grazed.

The short one led a party of trackers after the mountain man. The others went on towards the plain.

Tuzimo had a supreme confidence. Here he was leading brave armed warriors to food and a small war. Surely the vision would not be false, and all this taken from him and scorn put in its place?

The day was late when, after a steady march in the light and dark of two days, they came to the shepherd's hut. The warriors fanned out and looked around. They went on, following the flock. They came upon it in the dark, seeing the campfire. Around the fire they saw several shapes of men.

Tuzimo was happy. He was allowed to wait beside the chief for the sacred hours of the dark to pass, the hours in which you could not attack because they belonged to the beloved dead. And when the sun rose he ran forward with his Apaches and helped to capture the shepherd and others.

Tuzimo recognized the men: there was the *vaquero*, the rider, who was in charge of Tuzimo's shepherd and several other shepherds, there was the *caporal*, who was in charge of the range, and with him were his three armed guards. In the wagon there were the *caporal's* two smallest children and the old woman who took care of them, and then there was the *caporal's* wife and his eldest daughter, who was thirteen. Undoubtedly the *caporal* had been on his way to the *hacienda* of the patron and was taking his family with him, as he had twice before in Tuzimo's memory.

Now the weapons were all in the hands of the Apaches, along with four horses, two oxen, three burros and two flocks of sheep numbering about four thousand. The captives were bound and left on the ground while the Apaches gorged on mutton.

In the late afternoon the short one and his men arrived, leading the mountain man with a rawhide cord about his neck. The mountain man was stared out with Tuzimo's shepherd, stripped. Small slow fires were built near their heads. The other men who were still alive were bound to the wheels of the wagon, heads down, and fires were built under their heads. Soon they would be skinned alive and, as they fought the pain, they would scream and push their heads into the fire.

"Wait!" cried the mountain man. "Tuzimo, come here!"

Curiously the boy stood above him. With contempt and shame, he waited for a plea of mercy or friendship.

But the mountain man said, "You do know of God?"

"He is not my God."

"Then do you know this?" said the mountain man, and he tugged against his bonds and pushed himself against the fire, so that his hair flamed. Without rancour, without sign of pain, in the tradition of bravery of the Apache themselves, the mountain man held his head as close to the fire as he could.

He said: "Tuzimo, I do this not for myself. But for the others. *Waugh!*" he cried, but grinned on the pain. "I have brought this on them. Tuzimo, if I am brave, will you try to release the others, as I did you? *Waugh!*" he cried, and laughed, as the torment was hot and brutal. "*Waugh*, are you enough, child, to do that?"

Tuzimo watched the long hair of the mountain man burn. He saw the eyes, open and steady and unafraid. He felt the eyes on him. And a strange sympathetic fire burned in him.

And suddenly he cared about an enemy as well as about a member of his own race—and the white mountain man was said to be his enemy—and he kicked the fire away from his head.

"Do not!" cried the short man. "Do not!" and tried to kick the fire back where it had been. And Tuzimo fought him.

Sombre, the tall chief came. "Tuzimo. Tuzimo." The boy stood erect and steady. "You will speak," said the chief.

"I have a friend," said Tuzimo fiercely. "The white eye. It is my thought that all will be bad for us if he and the others die. I will fight for him," he said staunchly.

The chief looked on him long. He looked at the sheep and the other goods—the horses, the wagon, to which Tuzimo had led them—and these were magnificent things and Tuzimo must be respected.

He nodded at length, and said, "We have heard true words from you before, we will not say these are untrue. The prisoners will be released."

* * *

Night. The mountain man was gone, and the Mexicans. The Apaches were eating mutton around the fires. Tuzimo was lying, sleeping-awake, on the ground, in the face of the stars.

A happiness as deep and as wide as the sky filled him and was mysterious. He had released enemies from torture and yet he felt mighty. *I, Tuzimo*, he thought, *felt compassion, but brave—in the way of a man.* And now he knew it would always be so. THE END

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The Keepsake

My father smoked the same old
pipe for years
Till all the family were reduced
to tears,
But being master in his own
domain,
We coughed, but lacked the
courage to complain.

Yet, opening Mother's writing
desk today,
I found the charred old relic
tucked away
With half a dozen other things
she prized
More than we children ever
realized.

And I was moved as much as
now I know
She must have been, those lonely
years ago,
Seeing the ash at bottom of the
bowl
And never a flame to give it life
and soul.

by WILLIAM CLARKE

Shawcross (left) and J. C. Jackson arrive at Manchester Assizes for the trial of Buck Ruxton. Brilliantly, Shawcross reconstructed the crime

The fantastic mystery of the CYCLOPS EYE MURDER

It was a monstrous crime that baffled the law and horrified the world. For Shawcross it meant a dramatic case—and fame

by W. E. ARMSTRONG

Ruxton and his wife. For her murder he was hanged

At 2 a.m. on September 22, 1934 there was a violent explosion underground in Gresford Colliery, near Wrexham, in North Wales. Fire spread through the galleries and roads, sought the upcurrents of the shaft and, leaping to the surface, raised a barrier of flame which beat back every attempt at rescue.

On the afternoon of the next day, with the flames unabated at the pit head and still raging below ground, the terrible decision to seal the mine had to be taken. The final count was shocking. Two hundred and sixty five miners had died in the most disastrous pit accident in Britain for almost a century.

The government ordered an inquiry immediately, which opened at Church House, in Wrexham, in October. It lasted for thirty-eight days, the longest on record, and was concluded in July, 1936, in London after an adjournment of fifteen months. Both sides concerned, the owners and the miners, were represented by eminent counsel. For the miners, the North Wales Miners' Association, instructed by the Mineworkers' Federation, engaged Sir Stafford Cripps, K.C. The owners put their case in the hands of another King's Counsel, A. T. Miller, who led Hartley Shawcross.

The Gresford disaster was not simply a horrifying accident. It had political and social repercussions which, in the climate of the time, made the inquiry tantamount to a test case. In mining affairs generally, and in Wales in particular, there was bitterness and discontent. Nationalization, which was to come thirteen years later, held a symbolical and watching brief.

By its nature, which was highly technical, the inquiry made a strong appeal to Hartley Shawcross. The basic question was whether the initial explosion was set off by conditions which nobody could foresee or control—a pure accident—or whether it was due to negligence by the management.

In the five weeks between the accident and the inquiry Shawcross spent many hours below ground in Gresford itself and the galleries of neighbouring pits, where conditions were similar. He knew that the contention of the miners, stated through Stafford Cripps, would be that minimum safety precautions had not been taken by the management. The fatal explosions would be stated as having been set off by "shots"—detonations to bring down a fall of coal—fired against regulations in the haulage roads. It would be said, also, that the holocaust was brought on by inefficient or insufficient ventilation.

When he came into Church House, Wrexham, with his leader on the first day of the inquiry Shawcross had grasped as much as any layman could about the technicalities of his case. What he did not know was that he would, before a few days had passed, have to conduct it virtually alone against a most formidable antagonist.

Sir Stafford Cripps was at this period in the prime of his renown as a barrister. Thirteen years Shawcross's senior and a King's Counsel of seven years' standing, he was a specialist in civil and admiralty law and reputed to be one of the most highly paid men at the Bar. Reinforcing his great abilities was a personal

Cripps against Shawcross ... it was a momentous battle of wits. And Cripps was at his deadly best

The scene at Church House, Wrexham, during the Gresford disaster inquiry. Two hundred and sixty-five men had died. Outside there was tension . . . and demands that heads should roll

and moral integrity which, legal opponents complained, added an almost unjust weight to his oratory.

One of a rich and rigidly conservative family, Cripps had been a Socialist all his adult life. Much, inevitably, was made at the time of the fact that he accepted the case for the miners at Gresford without asking a fee, whereas Shawcross, no less a Socialist, appeared for the owners and was generously paid for doing so.

It was a criticism which provided useful ammunition later both for the Tories and for those out of sympathy with him in the Labour movement, but it left Shawcross unruffled. He answers the charge on the analogy of a cab on the rank available for hire to the first comer who hails it, whoever he may be.

To the added reflection that those hailing his particular cab were generally able to pay a thumping fee Shawcross shrugs his shoulders. What perhaps has escaped the attention of the critics is that long and difficult journeys are best undertaken with the best driver on hand—and involve a lengthy bill.

THAT the journey at Wrexham was not to be a short one was obvious when the inquiry opened. A. T. Miller already contracted for a number of other cases coming on elsewhere, and realizing that his continued participation would cost his clients a sum well beyond their calculations, relinquished the brief and left Shawcross on the seventh day to face Sir Stafford alone.

For Shawcross, Miller's decision was of primordial importance. "My being saddled with the Gresford brief," he always admitted afterwards, "was certainly a fortuitous occasion in my professional career. Without it I would not have made the progress I have."

He seized the chance with both hands.

The inquiry was accompanied by sensational publicity and produced many dramatic moments. As the principals went into Church House scores of miners, workless since the Gresford pits were sealed, were drawing their unemployment pay from offices nearby. Many of them had lost fathers, sons or brothers in the disaster; all had lost friends. At Wrexham and places elsewhere speakers had whipped up animus against the owners. Some sections of the press were already crying scandal or worse on an issue which was still *sub judice*, and gross political capital was being made of the tragedy. There was tension and even hysteria in the air.

For the first few days, Miller and Shawcross had to watch Stafford Cripps at his deadly best.

His cross-examination of the Gresford manager, William Bonsall, lasted several hours and was as incisive as anything he had ever done. Here is a sample of his attack:

Sir Stafford: "You will agree that this was a hot mine?" — "No, I should say it was warm."

"What would be the temperature at half a mile deep?"—"Without ventilation eighty-three degrees. With it, it would be seventy."

"That would be the temperature of a coolish summer's day? Do you suggest that the temperature at the bottom of the mine was that of a cool summer day?"—"Yes. I suggest it was seventy degrees."

"And I suggest that is a perfectly fantastic answer, and that men were habitually working in nothing but shorts and clogs, and were covered with perspiration."—"They work in shorts and clogs in many other mines."

"You don't work in shorts and clogs," snapped Sir Stafford, applying his extinguisher, "on a cool summer day."

As the inquiry went on Cripps exposed—or believed he exposed—serious faults of omission and malpractices on the part of the managers and, by extension, of the owners. In short, that the death of 265 men was due to criminal negligence.

Outside, in the mining districts, indignation grew as these implications succeeded each other. By resolutions and through the press, the miners and a great part of public opinion grew convinced that Gresford's had been an avoidable disaster. It was demanded that heads should roll.

On the fifteenth day of the inquiry Stafford Cripps had put his case. Pale, ardent and tireless, building up the alarming evidence with the cold precision of an adding machine, he had dressed a daunting indictment. To the majority of those who listened to the proceedings or read them in the papers, the case for the mine owners lay irreparably in pieces on the floor. There was much curiosity as to how the young junior from Liverpool now without his leader, would go about the business of putting the pieces together.

Shawcross realized from the beginning that the alternative to criminal negligence was accident pure and simple—an act of God. Nobody knew exactly how the accident took place. Cripps, as he had to, concentrated his heavy batteries on the managerial staff. Shawcross applied himself to the miners. His primary object was to show that there was nothing abnormal in the mine that night.

SLOWLY a different picture began to emerge. Again and again Shawcross made witnesses agree that conditions and practices in the mine—smell of gas, heat, excessive shot firing—were notoriously perilous, and then seriously compromised the impression such testimony gave by asking why witnesses had not complained.

One passage with a miner who stated that he had always thought Gresford a dangerous pit is typical. It also illustrates the sort of "breeze" between contending sides which often sprang up at the inquiry.

Shawcross: "Did you report these conditions to anybody?"—"Yes, to the fireman."

"To the fireman? But the fireman was killed. Did you report it to anyone alive who can tell us whether you did or not——"

At this Stafford Cripps leaped to his feet. "That is a most offensive question," he cried, "and put in a most offensive way."

But Shawcross went on incisively. "Did you report it to anyone living at this moment?"—"Yes, to my wife."

"Anyone at the colliery?"—"No."

To another miner who said the pit was very hot and that working in it made men ill, "Although you thought conditions dangerous and affecting your health, you never made a complaint?"—"No."

"You took no interest in your own safety or anyone else's in the mine?"—"I stuck it with the other men."

"Do you appreciate that if you had taken steps you might have avoided all this?"

And to that question there was no answer.

Finally, in a closing speech which lasted four days, Shawcross insisted that everything pointed to the fact that this was a sudden explosion which had taken the men by surprise. Until the disaster work had been going on normally. That there had been minor negligence by the administrative staff of the mine, he did not deny, but the proposition that such negligence led, or could lead, to the death of 265 men was untenable. His submission was accepted by the court.

How did the Gresford story end? There was indeed a prosecution, but it was not the *cause célèbre* which had seemed to be possible, and even desirable, in the prejudiced and tragic atmosphere at Wrexham after the accident. In April, 1937, the undermanager and another official of the management were tried by the Wrexham Justices on ten counts. The Solicitor-General prosecuted—a most unusual thing in a magistrates' court. Hartley Shawcross, led by another celebrated Socialist lawyer, Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., again appeared for the owners.

All save two of the charges were dismissed. On these, a technical question of keeping mine inspection books in the wrong place, the defendants were fined £140.

It might have been expected that, after Gresford, the mineworkers would have some animus against Hartley Shawcross. The opposite was true. The Wrexham inquiry was not many weeks old when the North Wales Miners' Association engaged Shawcross to defend twelve members who were indicted at Ruthin Assizes on what is a most unusual charge in Britain—that of riot.

To plead on the Welsh circuit Shawcross had "to go special." A lawyer goes special" when he leaves the circuit to which he is attached to appear in a case outside its territory. Such a move is not encouraged, and litigants wishing to employ a "silk" from another circuit must by rule pay for his services an extra hundred guineas, or fifty in the case of a junior—over and above the fee agreed on. In that sense, being asked to "go special" is a compliment to the barrister concerned.

The rioting case at Ruthin was in several ways a very difficult one. When the jury was empanelled it became apparent that local people were being excluded and that its members were being deliberately selected from just that class of society which would have the least sympathy for the miners he had to defend. They were, he judged, mainly wealthy residents from Colwyn Bay nearby—exactly the sort of people who might have proprietary rights in mining, and for whom the miners were the enemy. As if this were not enough, Shawcross knew the judge to be a stern official who was particularly uncompromising with anything that smelled of disorder or subversion.

I was in a bit of a dilemma," Shawcross admitted later, when talking of the case. "I could have objected to the procedure on the ground that the jury was not a random selection from the panel and, perhaps, because of the members' social position, would be prejudiced against my clients. But this would almost certainly have annoyed both the judge and the jurymen—a most dangerous thing. Some barristers provoke and enjoy a brush with the Bench, but Shawcross always thought that this was a disastrous policy, even with a weak judge. The judge at Ruthin was a strong one.

AFTER much thought, Shawcross did nothing. He handled both judge and jury with kid gloves, and staked everything on a closing speech which appealed to the members of the jury as intelligent and fair-minded men. Such subtle flattery, combined with the lucid and passionless exposition of his clients' case, worked like a charm, and the miners were triumphantly acquitted.

Shawcross was now at thirty-three, near the top of his profession. In Liverpool he had left the old chambers and set up on his own at 43 Castle Street, where the now steady influx of briefs was bringing him in £100 a week.

Typically enough, he set about giving the new rooms his personal treatment. Most legal chambers are traditionally and dismally uncomfortable, dedicated to a faggy Victorian decrepitude. Individual expression is barred. The peeling walls, when visible between coffins of decomposing briefs, bear nothing more original than ageing

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Shawcross set out to change all this. The walls were distempered a bright but restful grey-green. Carpets covered the splintered boards. Gay curtains were hung, and prints replaced the cartoons.

"But, sir," said the venerable and bewildered clerk, "it doesn't look like chambers at all."

"Well, Robertson," was the answer, "I don't suppose I look much like a lawyer."

Observing the white overall, the coloured tie and the suède shoes, Robertson had to agree that he did not.

Yet a lawyer he was, as the mounting pile of briefs proved. They were, as usual, of every kind, from wife enticement to—of all things—a defence of the Glasgow police when that fine body of men decided to go on strike.

There were also cases of murder. One of these, at about this time, Shawcross may remember as being particularly strange. The killing—if killing there was—was apparently motiveless, and the circumstances were never satisfactorily explained.

ON June 30, 1935, a child of three named Helen Chester disappeared from the house where she lived with her parents in John Bright Street, Blackburn. During the afternoon she was seen to enter No. 24 in that street, and from that house she never emerged alive.

The house, which was next but one to Helen Chester's home, was known to be a gathering place for children, of whom the elderly couple who lived there, a reedmaker called James Henry Mills and his wife Edith, were said to be very fond.

There was naturally anxious speculation in the street when it was known that the girl was missing. People gathered together to discuss the matter, and at one of these meetings on the next day, July 1, a woman was heard to say in the presence of the Millses that unless the girl turned up soon all the houses in the street would be searched by the police.

That evening greasy smoke was seen rising from the backyard of No. 24, and a neighbour whose house overlooked it saw some suspicious objects, which he thought might be human remains, lying there. He informed the police, who interviewed the Millses and began a search.

They had not far to look. In every room there were either pieces of blood-stained clothing or splinters of bone; and the remains of a body found in the yard were identified by her father as being that of Helen Chester.

James and Edith Mills were arrested and later charged with murder. When charged, Mills said urgently to his wife: "Don't say a word."

Such was the evidence, wholly circumstantial, on which Hartley Shawcross and his leader, J. C. Jackson, K.C., were asked to build up a case for the prosecution. Because a child was concerned the case had caused great indignation, and the assize court at Lancaster was overflowing when the trial came on before Mr. Justice Hilbery on October 20.

Two other reasons put it out of the ordinary. These were the comparatively advanced ages of the accused—sixty-two in each case—and the fact that this was the first time for more than a century that a man and his wife, jointly charged with murder, were to be sentenced to death.

The trial was short, for neither Mills nor his wife elected to give evidence. This was fatal, since they were clearly the only persons who could know, or suggest, how the child died. The circumstantial evidence, marshalled by Shawcross for his leader, was very strong; and it was of course no part of the duty of the prosecution to support the charge of murder with motive.

Yet Shawcross expected the old couple to put forward some sort of story. But with an uncanny obstinacy they said nothing at all, and the judge had no option but to sentence them both to death—a sentence which they heard with stolid calm.

Both lodged an appeal. In the case of James Mills the sentence was quashed, the judges of appeal finding that there was some doubt as to whether he was in the house at all material times and, further, accepting the plea of the defence that the trial judge, in his summing up, had improperly commented on the fact that the defendants had kept silent. The sentence on Edith Mills stood. She was reprieved by the Home Secretary and died in prison, to which she was committed for life, a year later.

Many, thinking over this strange case, believed that the child died accidentally, either by hitting her head in a fall or by being chastised too vigorously. And that the Darby and Joan loyalty of the couple forbade them to inculpate, or give evidence against, each other.

It was after the Mills case that J. C. Jackson gave Hartley Shawcross his "red bag." Every "silk" has the right to distribute three red bags during his career. The bag is the satchel in which barristers carry their robes and wig. It is a mark of appreciation, equivalent to a young bullfighter being given the title of matador by a senior. The distinction is not lightly bestowed. In his nineteen years as a "silk" Shawcross is believed to have awarded only two of his allotted red bags.

Shawcross had a great admiration for J. C. Jackson. "He was a great criminal advocate," he said of him after his death, "and to him I owe a great deal."

The Blackburn affair, though very peculiar, was not sensational. There was one kind of case which had not yet come Shawcross's way. The Gresford inquiry, as has been said, gave him much professional prestige and brought him to the notice of the big firms and corporations, even governments. But to be known to the man in the street, who dearly loves a legal star, participation in a case less vast than Gresford, more domestic, preferably bloody and leading to a juicy trial was indispensable. Such a case, which achieved world-wide notoriety, was impending.

It ended in one of the most celebrated trials in our criminal history, and brought together some of the most famous—or to be famous—counsel at the English Bar.

Two "silks," J. C. Jackson, once more, and Maxwell Fyfe, were briefed with Shawcross for the prosecution, while the defence was in the care of Norman—now Lord—Birkett, who led yet another King's Counsel, Philip Kershaw. And the man responsible for assembling all this talent was probably the oddest figure ever to enter an English dock. . . .

At about the time that Shawcross was working on the Mills case, some very unpleasant things were happening in Lancaster.

Their result came to light on September 29, 1935, when a lady from Edinburgh, Miss Susan Johnson, was walking on the Edinburgh-Carlisle road near the town of Moffat. While crossing the bridge over a stream called Gardenholme Linn—a pretty name for such a gruesome find—she looked into the ravine below and saw what she thought to be a human arm protruding from a bundle.

On that day, and on subsequent days other bundles and parcels, some wrapped in newspapers, some in clothing or pieces of sheet, were found on the banks of the Linn and those of the River Annan, of which the Linn is a tributary.

The accumulated contents of the bundles formed an assortment of human limbs and flesh which left no doubt that the police were dealing with more than one body.

There were two heads, two trunk portions, seventeen limb portions and forty-three pieces of soft tissue, including three female breasts. There was also—as if horror had not been satisfied—the bizarre presence among the remains of a cyclops eye—the malformation by which the two eyes fuse together to appear in the middle of the forehead.

To identify this sad debris as two particular human beings was at first sight impossible. Thorough and skilful precautions had been taken, even to the extent of removing the tips of the fingers. Nevertheless, the remains were handed over to the medical experts. These were five Scottish pathologists who, working as a team, were not only to identify the divided bodies, but to accomplish in so doing the most remarkable *tour de force* in the history of forensic medicine.

Meanwhile the police were busy. It was clear that two people had been murdered, but who they were and by whom done to death were as yet unanswerable questions.

Two clues, however, indicated a promising line of inquiry. One was a portion of newspaper found among the remains—a special edition of the *Sunday Graphic*—called a "slip" edition—dated September 15, which was sold only in the districts of Morecambe and Lancaster.

The other was the fact that the bundles had been deposited high above the normal water level—probably by heavy flooding on September 18 and 19. Inquiries yielded results almost at once.

On October 1, the disappearance about three weeks before of a young girl, Mary Jane Rogerson, was reported to the Lancaster police by her father. At the same time it became known that a Dr. Buck Ruxton, a citizen of Lancaster, had asked the assistance of the same force to help him find his wife who, he alleged, had left him about September 15.

AS the days passed he importuned the police more and more insistently. Dr. Ruxton seemed to be very anxious that the two bodies, or pieces of bodies, found at Gardenholme Linn should not be thought by malevolent people to be those of his wife and his maid-servant who, he complained, had walked out on him in company. The doctor was very put about by all these circumstances. And well he might be. For the name of his maid was Mary Jane Rogerson.

Buck Ruxton was naturally by this time believed by the police to be someone who, as they shyly express it, could "assist them in their inquiries." Their belief was fortified when Mary Rogerson's mother identified the blouse, which had wrapped one of the bundles of flesh, as belonging to her daughter. The woollen rompers, in which one of the heads was found, were identified by another lady as one of several articles of clothing given to Mary Rogerson for the use of Ruxton's children.

So far, so bad for the doctor. But the pathologists—and who can blame them?—were still having great difficulty with their grisly jig-saw puzzle; no names could yet be given to the bodies found in Gardenholme Linn.

Suspicion against Ruxton was strong, but not strong enough to warrant an arrest—until on October 12, feeling perhaps that his arrest was inevitable, he attempted to make several people swear false declarations as to his movements at certain significant times. This was a too obvious rushing on his own destruction.

Eventually, on the morning of October 13, after he had made a long and rambling statement to the police, he was arrested and charged with the murder of Mary Rogerson and, three weeks later, with that of his wife. To both charges he pleaded not guilty.

The effigy of Buck Ruxton is now in the Chamber of Horrors in the waxworks at Madame Tussaud's, and the bath from the house in Dalton Square was for many years the object of commercialized horror in a side-show on the North Front at Blackpool. The bath was much like any other bath, but Buck Ruxton was a most unusual addition to the ranks of run of the mill, domestic Anglo-Saxon murderers.

Seen in the waxworks in company with such old faithfuls as Charlie Peace, John George Haigh, Burke and Hare, and his colleague, Dr. Crippen, he is unmistakably an exotic, a displaced person. "What," the panic innocence in his liquid eyes seems to be asking—in a paraphrase from the French classics he knew so well—"what on earth am I doing in this gallery?"

His crime was unimaginably horrible, but it is difficult not to feel sorry for him. Hartley Shawcross, in common with all who saw him at his trial, agrees that he was one of the most pathetic figures ever to appear on the capital charge in this country.

Buck Ruxton, who was thirty-six at the time of the trial, was a Parsee from Bombay. His real name was Bukhtyar Rustomji Ratanji Hakim, which he later changed by deed poll to Buck Ruxton. When he settled in Lancaster in 1930 he had thirteen years of practice behind him; among his degrees were those of surgery and medicine in Bombay, and of medicine at the University of London. He had also been a military doctor and had served for some time as a ship's surgeon.

Ruxton's nature, as his conduct at the trial and during the police inquiries showed, was excitable, volatile and given to extremes. However, he seems

HORNBLOWER

and the Pirates

C. S. FORESTER'S *legendary hero*

faces torture and humiliation at the hands

of the Caribbean's cruellest cut-throats

BEGINS IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

to have been a good and accommodating doctor, was quite well liked in the town and soon built up a substantial practice.

He met the woman whose fate was to bring him into the dock eight years before her death, when he was studying in Edinburgh and she was a waitress in a café there. Her first marriage had been dissolved and, though she lived with Ruxton as his wife and was accepted as such, she was never legally married to him.

Mrs Isabella Ruxton was a discontented and rather frivolous woman but was hardworking, fond of her three children and a great help to Ruxton in his career. Unfortunately, she possessed a provocative tendency to teasing and coquetry which, blameless in itself, acted on her husband's morbid jealousy.

Their life together was a history of passionate bickerings, stormy scenes and no less excessive reconciliations.

The Lancaster police were aware of the doctor's unbalanced disposition having been twice called to his house to restrain him. On these occasions they saw a man transformed, a madman shouting incoherently, whose uncontrollable ranting gave every appearance of a fit.

Isabella Ruxton, who must have been courageous, put up with these sinister tantrums through eight unhappy years.

Often miserable and certainly often frightened, his "Bella," as he affectionately called her at the trial, stuck to him nevertheless, perhaps simply on account of the children. Yet there must have been some more enduring nexus between them. "We were the kind of people," Ruxton said in the witness box "who could not live with each other and could not live without each other." And he added significantly, translating a French proverb, "He who loves most chastises most."

It is possible that there are many couples like the Ruxtons who live a cat and dog life under the same roof and die a natural death in their beds. What enables them to do so is that they hold back on the brink of that one tragic and unforgiving spasm which, once yielded to, brooks no reconciliation or return. That moment, for the Ruxtons, came at some time during the night of Saturday September 14, 1935.

What exactly happened will never be known. It is certain that Isabella Ruxton arrived home from a trip to Blackpool some time shortly after midnight on that day, that Mary Rogerson was also there at that time, and that nobody ever saw, or heard from, these women again.

Very early on the following morning, Sunday, Ruxton went to the house of a charwoman who regularly worked for him and who was due at Dalton Square at 7 a.m. He told her not to come, saying that his wife and Mary Rogerson had "gone away for a holiday in Edinburgh." At noon he took his three children—what must these children have slept through the night before?—to the house of a friend at Morecambe, where they were virtually to live for the next few days.

Later on that afternoon he called on Mrs Mary Hampshire, the wife of a patient, and asked her to give him some help in the house. He needed this, he explained, because his wife and maid were "absent," and he was preparing the house for the decorators who were to start work the next day.

It was to the evidence of Mrs Hampshire, when the papers for the case arrived in their chambers, that Maxwell Fyfe and Shawcross paid particular attention. The statements she made of the events and circumstances of September 15 went far towards proving the case for the Crown.

When Mrs Hampshire arrived at Dalton Square she found the house, to say the least, in some disorder. Curtains had been taken down. The stair carpets and those from the top landing had been removed and stacked, some in the surgery waiting-room, some outside in the yard.

Most of these objects were stained with, or soaked in, blood. In the yard

Mrs Hampshire noticed an attempt had been made to burn two of the carpets, towels and a shirt—all blood-spattered—while in the waiting-room was lying a bloodstained suit. The stairs were dirty but hardly so dirty as the bath, which Ruxton urged Mrs Hampshire to clean thoroughly.

Another thing that puzzled Mrs Hampshire concerned the bedrooms used by Ruxton and his wife. Both were locked and straw which was surprisingly abundant all over the house, protruded from underneath their doors. The rooms being locked, Mrs Hampshire could not enter them. Had she been able to do so, the Ruxton case would not have been one of the longest on record, for it is as certain as anything can be that lying in those rooms were the dismembered bodies of Isabella Ruxton and Mary Rogerson.

Asked, unsuccessfully, the reason for all this blood in the house, another witness described it as a "shambles"—Ruxton repeated what he had already told Mrs Hampshire. He had deeply cut his hand, he said, when opening a tin of peaches for the children that morning. The doctor had indeed, a bandage on his right hand and he was to make much of this cut in the days to come and at the trial. Mrs Hampshire found no tin of peaches in the house and she must have privately wondered how a cut deep though it might be could cause such a copious flowing of blood.

In the evening of the same day, Alwyn Hampshire came to help his wife with the cleaning and it was when the couple were leaving that Ruxton made a fatal error: he offered them as a gift some of the stair carpets and the blood-stained suit. It was fatal because the next morning the doctor hurried round to the Hampshires and tried to persuade them to return the suit so that he might get it cleaned. On being told by Mrs. Hampshire that as he had been good enough to give it to them it was they who should pay for its cleaning, Ruxton asked that at least the name tab should be removed and burned immediately.

All this, of course, was serious evidence, if it could be proved that during this vital period between the disappearance of the women and the police inquiries which led to his arrest Ruxton was a demented and desperate man.

His conduct, in fact, was that of someone who had lost his senses. Normally a "dressy" person, he now went unshaved and dishevelled. He made wild and inconsistent statements about where his wife and maid had gone.

To some he said they were on holiday, to others that his wife had abandoned him and the children, to others still he gave the startling explanation that Mary Rogerson had been pregnant and that his wife had taken her away to procure an abortion. This last story was suggestive to Shawcross that Ruxton was already trying to establish a defence against a possible charge of murder.

Running, like a taut thread of truth, across this woof of contending assertions was a theme Ruxton repeated again and again—to the police, to his patients, to the women who worked for him. That theme was jealousy. Ruxton had long nourished the morbid fantasy that his "Bella," with the connivance of Mary Rogerson, had been deceiving him with a young man called Robert Edmondson, the son of a Blackburn family. There was not a word of truth in it, and it was never considered at the trial. But there is no doubt that Ruxton, with his sickly persecution mania, believed it implicitly.

On October 5, a week before his arrest, he repeats the story to another witness and, talking of his wife and

POVERTY—I

Poverty consists in feeling poor

R. W. Emerson

Mary Rogerson, adds with terrible despair, "My God! I could choke them both."

And that, of course, was exactly what he had already done.

There have been, in the history of murder, some pretty gruesome aftermaths once life has left the body of the victim. We think of the sordid yard at Crawley and John George Haigh judiciously "topping up" the acid drum where all that was human of Mrs. Durand Deacon was being sloughed away. We remember Patrick Mahon in his bungalow on the Eastbourne sands watching, with a chef's anxiety, the horrid stew he had made of Emily Kaye. But, given the circumstances and the man, there can have been few hours so appalling in the calendar of homicide as those spent by Ruxton at various times in the house at Dalton Square between the 15th and 19th of September.

On the morning of the 19th the business he had been doing in the bathroom and the two locked bedrooms must have been finished. To one of his daily helps, who arrived at 7 a.m., Ruxton said he wanted an early breakfast. He then shut the kitchen door and the woman heard him make several journeys up and down the stairs and out to his car, in which he drove away an hour later not to return till three in the afternoon.

According to Ruxton's statement to the police he drove to Blackburn. Nobody saw him there, and it is impossible not to believe that it was during these seven hours that he distributed in the ravine at Moffat, and at places elsewhere, what was left of the dismembered remains of the murdered women. That afternoon two significant facts were noted in the doctor's house. One was that there was a pervading and most unpleasant smell; the other that the doors which had been locked were now open. For Ruxton his Bella and his little Mary" had quitted Dalton Square for ever.

How did they die? Mysteriously, said the doctor by another hand than his, at an unknown place and date. Evidentially maintained the Crown by his own hands, in his own house, and on the night of September 14-15.

The truth or otherwise of these opposing assertions was the issue of the twelve days' trial which opened at Manchester Assizes on March 2 the following year.

To Hartley Shawcross as he made the notes on which J. C. Jackson would base the opening speech for the prosecution a plausible picture no doubt emerged of how the double murder came about.

Shawcross believes that the doctor killed his wife first, it may be—as often happens in murder—by accident. It is not difficult to imagine the scene. Ruxton excitable and fretted by jealousy, harangues his wife when she returns that night from Blackpool. He might have called her—as it was proved he called her once before—a prostitute. Then a spirited reply, mutual taunting, blows, Ruxton's hands at her throat and as rage flowed through his fingers a dead body at his feet.

And Mary Rogerson? Did Ruxton strike her down as she came in bravely to help her mistress or did he hunt her coldly through the house intent on destroying the only witness to the crime? After she lay dead also, the surrush of utter panic and the resolution which perhaps only panic could inject to go through with the dreadful surgery in the bathroom—such was the picture of the crime as the prosecution counsel imagined it.

What that surgery entailed was brought out by the five eminent pathologists engaged on the case. Never in the annals of forensic medicine has a murderer taken such minute and sinful pains to efface human identity. The bodies were drained of blood and disarticulated. Heads had been scalped, eyes and teeth extracted, finger skin removed and scars erased. Even a disfiguring bunion on one of the feet was chipped away.

Yet age, height, weight and other statistics were estimated with astonishing accuracy. The skulls were superimposed on life-size photographs with such startling coincidence that the jury in court had the impression almost of seeing the dead women before them and were convinced beyond any doubt that they were dealing with the bodies of Isabella Ruxton and Mary Rogerson.

For that was the crucial point which supported the whole case for the Crown. Once the identity of the bodies was accepted the case was well-nigh proved, because Jackson, Fyfe and Shawcross intended to show in cross-examination that only Ruxton could have killed the women.

It should be remembered here that though he was charged by the police with both murders Ruxton was answerable at the trial for a single one—that of his wife. In the event it was to be more than enough.

Against such a compelling weight of circumstantial evidence, the task of Norman Birkett was an almost hopeless one. Nevertheless he magnificently contested every word of the way and Shawcross has said that Birkett's defence of Ruxton was the greatest he has ever heard.

Birkett made no serious attempt to challenge the medical evidence. What he tried to do was to show that the Crown witnesses could have been mistaken about certain significant times

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and actions, that the prisoner could not have killed the women, dismembered their bodies and concealed the remains in the time the prosecution asserted he did—that the behaviour of Ruxton on the morning after, and the days following, the women's disappearance could be as well those of a distracted as of a guilty, man.

But the blood in the house, the traces of copious bleeding on the stairs, in the bath, on Ruxton's suits? Most of it, Birkett contended, could have come from the cut on Ruxton's hand. Some of the stains in the bathroom and on the stairs could have been the result of an accident Mrs. Ruxton had sustained two years before, when a fall on the stairs precipitated an immediate miscarriage.

With neither of these submissions were the pathologists, though scientifically cautious, inclined to agree. In spite of seizing, with the precision of a magnet drawing a pin, every minute detail which could have been favourable, Birkett had a little too much against him. For not only had he to contend with the circumstantial and pathological evidence, but with Ruxton himself—the only witness for the defence that Birkett could call.

It is a legal axiom that a defendant in a capital charge very rarely improves his cause by giving evidence, and his counsel must have had grave misgivings when the harried little doctor entered the box.

Humble and arrogant by turns, always garrulous, and pathetically unable to break down, Ruxton did his case no good whatever. He denied everything throughout. He had no idea, he said, how his wife and maid came to be killed. He was fond of them both and would sooner die than lift a hand against them.

Ruxton made the worst impression when he gave, as he had to, his version of events during the crucial period just after the women disappeared. He had not a single witness to back his statements, and if these were at variance with those of the Crown's testimony, then the Crown witnesses were lying. Not even Birkett could restore the position after that.

J. C. Jackson's closing speech for the prosecution, assisted by notes made by Hartley Shawcross, was short and beautifully condensed. So closely and convincingly were the selected strands of evidence interlaced that to Ruxton, as he listened horrified, they must have slowly assumed the consistency of rope.

On the eleventh day of the trial Mr. Justice Singleton gave a finely balanced and strictly impartial summing up, thereby maintaining the high excellence of everything that had to do with this case. "If there is an avenue to freedom," he charged the jury at the end, "let Ruxton walk down on it. If there is not, he cannot."

The jury, after an absence of little more than an hour, decided there was no such avenue, and Buck Ruxton was sentenced to death.

But what of the cyclops eye, lying like a horrible jewel among the wormy remains in the Moffat ravine which so fascinated Hartley Shawcross and everyone who studies the Ruxton case?

The phenomenon of the single-double eye—cyclopia—is very rare in man but is sometimes found in animals, notably the pig. At one time during the trial it seemed that Norman Birkett, by cross-examination of the pathologists, was seeking to make them admit that the Moffat eye was of human origin, part of a monstrous human foetus.

Had the pathologists concurred, it is just possible that Birkett might have suggested that the foetus was the result of a criminal abortion on Mary Rogerson, that the girl had died by the operation and that the abortionist had then killed Mrs. Ruxton to prevent her giving evidence. But the medical men would not commit themselves, and the matter was pushed no farther.

Still, the presence of the eye in that particular place was most mysterious, and some interesting speculations have been offered. One of these, favoured by the judge in his summing up, was that its finding was purely accidental. Another, far more ingenious and convincing, is that Ruxton himself was indirectly responsible for its presence. The doctor was known to have been interested in ophthalmology. It is therefore possible that he had such a specimen of cyclopia in his surgery at Dalton Square. Now, it can be argued that while he was dismembering the murdered women he could have needed preservative—such as formalin, in which the eye would be bottled—to prevent the remains from making their inconvenient presence felt and, in his desperation, could have emptied on to the remains both the formalin contents of the bottle and the cyclops eye.

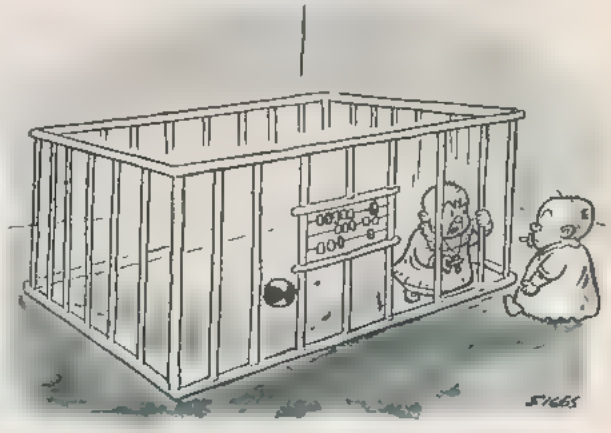
Whatever the truth, the eye remains a small but appropriately gruesome question mark over a singularly gruesome case.

Looking back on it, Hartley Shawcross thought the Ruxton trial one of the most absorbing at which he has assisted. "If only he had not killed Mary Rogerson," he said afterwards, "the result might have been different. He was rather a nice little man, very kind, who did a lot medically for the poor in Lancaster."

It is a laconic epitaph, but one of which the doctor, who was proud of his skill and zeal, would certainly have appreciated.

The Ruxton case was the last sensational affair in which Hartley Shawcross took part on the northern circuit. He was beginning to think of going south. London, the war, and wider issues lay less than three years ahead.

NEXT WEEK: *The fascinating fight to convict Lord Haw Haw*



"If I had my time over again they wouldn't get me into a play-pen in such a hurry"

Here was the greatest test of Marion's acting career. Could she convince the man who loved her that she was . . . dead?

by A. P. HERBERT

MADE FOR MAN

Sir Ewan leaned from the buttress, seized the limp figure in the wedding dress, and slipped the looped rope farther down. "Haul taut," he called

DAME MARION MARNE, the stage star, was planning suicide. She would jump to her death from Lambeth Bridge, to clear the way for the marriage of Lieutenant-Commander Daniel Drew, her ex-husband, and Diana, the lovely young Duchess of Clowes.

Marion's disappearance would help Dan and Di, and boost the chances of old Admiral of the Fleet Caraway's Bill to end the Church's stand against the remarriage in church of divorced people whose first partners still lived. The admiral's own daughter, Primrose, had suffered under this ban. But her problem was solved by the cabled news that Patricia—her fiancé Cyril's ex-wife—had died in America.

Originally Marion had planned merely a pretended suicide. Sir Ewan Harker—the veteran divorce campaigner—would be on the river in his motor-boat, Water Witch, to pick her up. And she would live on as Mildred Horne—taking the name of her dead twin sister.

Then, at the last moment, Marion changed her mind. She would not deceive her dear friend the Archbishop of Canterbury by a faked death. "Lambeth Bridge is off," she told Sir Ewan. There would be no boat to save her when she leaped.

But Sir Ewan was worried. He had to be certain. So, after all, Water Witch was out on the river on the chosen night.

With sudden rage, Marion recognized the boat. What was Sir Ewan doing there?

She must go through with it in spite of him. She pulled herself on to the parapet, stood for a second, then she crossed her hands upon her breast—and jumped.

FINAL INSTALMENT

Rescue On The River

MARION fell in good order, perfectly straight, her white shoes close together, the wedding dress spreading a little as she fell, her hands still crossed upon her breast. She might have been walking to the altar.

Aboard the Water Witch, Sir Ewan was full of fear. Anything could happen now. He could see no sign of Marion, she might come up under the propellers, but he could not stop now even if he wished. He went right through the bridge before he put the wheel hard-a-port.

For a second or two the light tide carried the boat sideways, but she came round bravely. As she turned Sir Ewan flung two lifebuoys overboard. He looked up the moonlit river. There was nothing to be seen. He throttled down a little and held the boat steady. The nearer water under the bridge was lit by the moon. Nothing there.

At that moment Lady Harker's head appeared above the top-deck forward. She beckoned him onward. Under the bridge the engines roared. They were half-way through, but Lady Harker still beckoned him on.

At last, near the other end, Sir Ewan turned, put the boat's nose against the wall with the starboard engine idling. Then he scrambled forward. Lady Harker was crouched over the bows, the long, light boat-hook in her hands.

"Look!" she said, very cool. "Can't you get any nearer?"

Everything on this side of the bridge was shadowed, but Sir Ewan could just see a gleam of white. It was too far to reach with the boat-hook.

"She seems to be lying on the water," said Lady Harker.

He looked over the side. "Where's that line?" He made a small bow in one and pulled the end through it, leaving a wide running loop. "Throw that over her if you can."

He dashed back and eased the boat away from the wall. As the bows crept out from the bridge he gave a downward touch to the wheel and headed for the gleam. At that moment Marion lifted her head, and Sir Ewan saw her startled face. At the same instant Lady Harker flung the loop of the lifeline over Marion's head and pulled it as taut as she dared.

"I've got her," said Lady Harker calmly, "but it's half round her neck."

Sir Ewan took a look and jumped on to the buttress. Marion began to mutter and curse, but she was too exhausted to scream. He pulled her up a little by the shoulders, slipped the rope down, and called to his wife: "Haul taut."

Lady Harker hauled and the loop tightened round Marion's arms.

"Hold tight," said Sir Ewan. He gave the

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

boat an outward push and, in one flow of movement, clambered aboard. The boat drifted slowly under the bridge and he hauled Marion aboard.

Lady Harker had made Marion comfortable, and now she stood below in the noisy engine room holding up a drink. "Thanks, darling," said Sir Ewan. "How is she?"

At first she never stopped cursing you. She's quieter now."

"If you can, find out whether she told anybody."

They were past the Albert Bridge now and nearing the Battersea Road Bridge.

Lady Harker appeared again. "Her maid Florrie saw her jump from the bridge—and she left some letters."

"Oh, lord!" Sir Ewan said, "that was the plan. Then we'd better go on with it."

"She says you're to put her ashore at once. If not, she'll jump overboard."

"Tell her I'm awfully sorry," said Sir Ewan. "We've passed Chelsea, and there's nowhere to land yet. And Frances. . . ."

"Yes?"

"Tell her—say something like— How glad your Florrie will be to see you tomorrow."

The Water Witch plodded past Lots Road and through Battersea Rail Bridge. The port engine smelled very hot. Sir Ewan throttled down to nothing and put the engine into neutral.

Lady Harker returned. "She's sipping her rum. I told her what you said and she sort of nodded and said, 'Dear Florrie,' "

"She must be better," Sir Ewan said.

"I think she is."

"Frances. You talk to her. Say this. Say I'm terribly sorry that I fished her out of the water when she wanted me not to. Say I think she's absolutely splendid. But, having done what she did, that's the end. Now, for everybody's sake, the only thing is to go on with the original plan. Then say 'Marion, we salute you! Mildred, we love you!' "

"Why Mildred?" asked Lady Harker.

"That's her new name. Think you can remember any of that, my dear?"

"I'll try."

Soon the Water Witch was in Putney Reach, and Sir Ewan had plenty of time for reflection. He thought with profound admiration of the dame. What nerve!

But if she abandoned the disappearing plan now—after Florrie had given the alarm—she would be tried for attempted suicide. Some people would say she was mad, some a heroine. Nobody could tell if her deed would have any lasting effect. Possibly, after a week or two, the thing would be forgotten, and the Church would sail on serenely as before. Certainly Dan and Di would be no nearer the altar.

When Hammersmith Bridge was in sight Lady Harker appeared again. "She's all right," she said. "Quite determined."

"The original plan?"

"Yes. She says it's the only hope for Dan."

"Darling you've done wonders."

At last the Water Witch edged cautiously through a moonlit group of swans and reached the Harker stairs.

On the landing-stage at the top the passenger turned and looked long at the moon, and the gleaming river, at the swans, at the boat, and at last, at Sir Ewan. Her face was pale, her hair drawn back and straggly. Lady Harker had lent her some spectacles.

"Why, Sir Ewan," she said softly, "what a cute home you have."

After breakfast next morning Sir Ewan sat, undecided, in his study. Should he ring the admiral? He had a good mind to let the old man learn the black news from the B.B.C. or the press. He might not, again, be so contemptuous about a woman's ability to "hold a course." But no, that was cruel. It might kill the admiral. He rang the Hall at once.

"That you, Sir Ewan?" said the admiral. "I say, this is terrible. You've heard?"

"Yes, sir."

"And I wouldn't believe her. I'll never forgive myself."

"It's all right. She's alive. I was there. We picked her up—in the boat."

"Where? Not Lambeth Bridge after all? I thought that was off."

"It was, but I had a hunch."

"Sir Ewan, you're promoted. What happens next?"

"If I may suggest it, you might go and see the archbishop today."

"What are you after?

"Well, you're partners in grief, and so on. It will be embarrassing to both of you to have to argue about the Bill on Thursday."

"Thursday! By gad it's tomorrow."

"So, if you can, you'll get it postponed till next week, say."

"Oh, aye. If I can, I will. What then?"

"Now, you didn't know anything about this."

"Of course not. Marion said it was off."

"She didn't tell the archbishop it was off—so far as we know. She told him it was on. She told him the very day. It seems to me he's in rather an awkward position."

"You mean he's an——"

"Accessory before the fact. That sort of thing."

"Sir Ewan, you're a devil. I don't know if I've got the heart. Poor old Brass will be in a state of jelly." The admiral paused, then said resolutely: "But I've learned one thing in the last few days. We must be hard—we mustn't weaken. After what that wonderful woman did we mustn't let her down. And the other side, as you know, sir, have no scruples at all."

The archbishop picked up a newspaper. He saw a headline:

DRAMA OF LAMBETH BRIDGE
FEARED DEATH OF FAMOUS STAR

He read on:

Early this morning, in the light of the full moon, a woman in her wedding dress was seen to fall from Lambeth Bridge into the Thames. The woman, it is believed, was Dame Marion Marne, the famous actress.

This morning the police were still dragging the river under the windows of the Archbishop of Canterbury. According to one theory, she may have fallen on a stone buttress of the bridge, in which case fatal injuries may have been sustained.

Dr Brayne read on in mounting distress. Grief and guilt contended in his soul. Grief was the stronger.

What more could he have done? He had patiently expounded the Church's law, patiently persuaded and implored. But he had failed to read the mind of a foolish but devoted woman. He had failed in charity and understanding.

Yes, he should have warned the police, though they might have failed as well. Who could have guessed that she would choose the first few minutes of the chosen day? Poor lady! Dear lady! That warm and gracious person—a lifeless wreck in the river. Never again would he cross that bridge with a quiet mind.

And how could that gracious lady be capable of such vain malignity? There lay the greatest grief.

No, there was worse. The next thing would be the marriage of Daniel and Diana, made possible by the drama of Lambeth Bridge. Could it be a good and Christian law that could be appeased by human sacrifice? He shook his head. No, she had not died in vain.

There was a knock at the study door. The admiral came in like a compassionate angel.

"Canterbury," he said, and clasped the archbishop's hand. "This is a terrible thing. It's hit me hard. But by gad, I'm still more sorry for you."

This was a comforting change. Dr Brayne was amazed.

"Thank you, Caraway. Sit down, won't you?"

He sat down himself, but the admiral stood.

"No, Archbishop, I'm not going to keep you. We're both in the same bad boat and I only wanted to make a signal about that perishing Bill of mine. You won't want to chew the fat about that tomorrow. Neither shall I. So I thought, if you agree, I'll go along to the Clerk and get it put ahead a bit."

"That's very good of you, Caraway. That would be best, I think."

The admiral looked down at the stricken prelate. *A gone goose*, he told himself, *but we mustn't weaken*. "Don't distress yourself too much," he said aloud, with a kindly pat on the shoulder. "Nobody's to blame. When she told me, I wouldn't believe her."

"You knew about it, too?" Dr Brayne perked up.

"No, I didn't. Because she said she'd thought better of it. All off. Did she tell you that?"

"No—no—she said—the day of the full moon. She said no more."

"Hum. You didn't think of telling the police?"

"I thought of it. But—well, like you, I'm afraid I didn't believe her."

"Pity," said the admiral. "Well, we mustn't let that get about. They'll be calling you an accessory or something."

"Good heavens!"

"Well, I'll go over to the House now and see what I can do. No, don't get up.

"Thank you, Caraway, thank you. Goodbye."

Wednesday evening's papers had to content themselves with the bare facts, so far as they were known. On Thursday morning their inner significance began to receive notice, some reticent, some not. *The Daily Telegraph* was content to recall, at the end of the story, that the late lamented dame had been the wife of Commander David Drew, R.N. *The Times* did not mention the fact at all. The *Glass* added: "There is now no ecclesiastical obstacle to the marriage which was a topic of discussion a few weeks ago." *The Dawn*, once more, was more direct.

A brave and beloved woman is dead.

Two young and popular persons are now free to marry with the blessing of the Church of England. The death of one means the birth of happiness for two.

Such sombre accidents have blessed the lives of many who were faithful to an outworn tradition of the Church. Others, less faithful, have been content with a civil ceremony, though even these have not escaped the episcopal scowl.

Here the case is altered. For why? Here was no accident. The lady died by her own deliberate deed. Why did she destroy herself in the prime of a successful life?

All the circumstances point to a single grim but gallant conclusion. Her late husband, by the law (so called) of the Church, was forbidden to marry in church the lady of his choice, who, by her position, was unable to marry elsewhere. She elected to end her days, of all places, at Lambeth Bridge, under the window of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Can this have been the choice of chance? This journal takes another view. We possess, it is true, no positive evidence.

But we believe that this determined woman had a double purpose—one, to unite two persons who were severed inexorably by her own existence, and two, to protest before the world against the cruel doctrine of which the Archbishop of Canterbury is the principal exponent.

The sacrifice must not be in vain. Next week, by a fortunate chance, Parliament will have an opportunity to speak its mind.

If Lord Caraway's Bill had been the law of the land on Tuesday evening, that desperate leap would not have been required.

Well done," said the admiral. "The fat's in the fire."

Others said, as usual, that *The Dawn's* article was "in the worst of taste, but jolly good . . ."

Mildred, for three days, had lain in a pleasant sort of stupor. She had no regrets; she had done her best for Dan, and she was very glad to be alive.

It was good, in a way, to be free of all the worries of Marion Marne. Her one worry was what to do about her dear friend Hugh Creek, the solicitor, who had been ringing Miss Mildred, Florrie said, twice a day.

If she were not going to marry him—and perhaps he wouldn't want to marry

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A PROBLEM FOR PERCY THROWER

Mrs. Jo Grimond tries to tame sea breezes

MRS. JO GRIMOND, the wife of the Liberal leader, has one of the windiest gardens in Britain, on the island of Orkney. "Roses, forsythia, polyanthus and dahlias grow there, but fruit is difficult. We planted a beech hedge to act as a wind-break but it grew only two feet high. What are the best shrubs to plant, and which are the best varieties of fruit?"

Percy Thrower says:

Beech itself needs shelter to get going, and I wouldn't call it the best wind-break for exposed positions.

My first choice is euonymus, a really hardy evergreen shrub which will grow up to six feet high, is very thick, and particularly well suited to gardens near the sea which are often drenched with salt spray carried by the wind.

Plant in the spring or autumn, spacing the shrubs two to three feet apart. No special cultivation is needed and the cost will not be more than for a beech hedge.

Useful alternatives are tamarisk, which produces lovely pink flowers in June and July, hornbeam, and in large gardens Scotch pine mixed with silver birch.

The hardiest apples are (eating) Laxton's Superb, Ellison's Orange and Charles Ross, (cooking) Newton Wonder and Bramley's Seedling. Inland, damsons are often planted as a wind-break for other fruit trees.

The best soft fruits for windy gardens are gooseberries and black, red and white currants.

Mildred—it might be best not to tell him at all. He would get over it. Marion would remain a beautiful memory and no more trouble.

Between dozes she read her obituary notices and found them enjoyable. In *The Times* there was a tribute that nearly made her cry. It was signed "H C."

Florrie came in. "It's Mr Creek again, Miss Mildred," she said. "I've told him till I'm sick we're too ill to see him, but he says we must."

"Show him in, please, Florrie."

Hugh appeared and sat beside her bed. *Poor man,* she thought, *how pale and tired he looks! It has upset him.*

"I'm mighty glad to know you at last, Mr Hugh Creek," she said, "though Marion wrote about you so much I feel I kinda know you already."

She was wonderful," he said. "Just now I was reading a beautiful piece about her. In the London *Times*, I guess. It was signed H C. That wouldn't be you, Mr Creek?"

He nodded, but absently, as if he were thinking of something else.

"It was beautiful," she whispered.

He was staring. "You're very like her," he said.

"Oh no. I wish I was."

He stood still, and said nothing. She became uncomfortable. As if he had smelled her disquiet and wished to relieve her, he said suddenly: "Just one thing before I go. Your sister may have made a will. Have you, by any chance, come across it?"

She opened her eyes. "Why, yes, it's in the top drawer in the little room."

"May I look?"

Why, certainly, Mr Creek."

He went out. *How absurd!* she thought. *He's worried, bless him. Why don't I tell him at once?*

But it had become a battle, the supreme test of her skill, of Mildred's future. If she could baffle Hugh, she could deceive the world.

He came back taking a sheet of notepaper from an envelope. On it was written, in ink

THIS IS MY WILL

I leave everything I have to my sister, Mudred Horne.—Marian Marne. Witnesses: Florence Bowles, Agatha Dimple.") Day.

He said: "When was this written?" and he looked up as he said it.

It was a near thing. She opened her mouth to say, "Last week." She stopped herself just in time and said, "Doesn't it say?"

"No—have you seen this document?"

She shook her head. "I just saw the envelope.

"She leaves everything to you."

"Bless her. Does it matter, Mr Creek, there being no date line?"

"I don't think so. Well, I must be off. By the way, Miss Horne, you must consider, when you are better, whether you'd prefer to employ"—he paused—"another solicitor."

Why no, Mr Creek," she said with alarm and dismay. "I'd like to have you, if you wouldn't mind."

Thank you."

He came near and stood over her. He took her right hand, like a doctor in search of her pulse. Suddenly he bent and kissed her hand. As he with drew, she felt the faintest pressure of teeth at the tip of her little finger.

Oh, Mr Creek!"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Horne. Force of habit. That was my way with dear Marion. Forgive me."

At the door he said: "Good night, Miss Horne," and turned. His face was as grave as before, but his eyes she thought were happy again. . .

On the Monday, June the eighteenth, the archbishop called to see Miss Horne. Florrie opened the door and stared, not unkindly. About this situation she had no instructions.

"Miss Mildred?" she said. "Wait and I'll see. We've been in bed for days. We're up, but only just."

"It's that archbishop," she whispered in the drawing-room.

Mildred was taken aback. What danger! But somehow, since Hugh's visit she was full of confidence. Suddenly, too, she felt that she would like to see the archbishop.

"Yes, Florrie. Just for a minute."

She, too, was moved by Dr. Brayne's appearance. He looked so pale and shaken, he spoke so humbly, so simply and kindly.

"Miss Horne," he said, "I hope that I do not intrude. I will not keep you, you are suffering I know. But I wanted to say how sorry I am. Indeed, if I may say so, I am suffering, too. I had so great an admiration for your sister."

"Why, Archbishop," she said, that's mighty kind. And I'd like you to know what sweet things Marion had to say about you—right to the end."

That was comforting. That was what he wanted to hear. She had not gone down to the river cursing him.

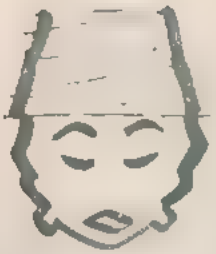
"That is good to know," he said. "Well, dear lady, I wish you well. Keep up your courage. Later, perhaps, when you are stronger, I may see you again?"

"Sure, sir!" she said softly. The poor man's gentle dignity moved her to make some gesture of respect. Instinctively, she put her hands to the two sides of her skirt and, as he

POVERTY 2

Poverty is no disgrace to a man, but it is confoundedly inconvenient.

Sydney Smith



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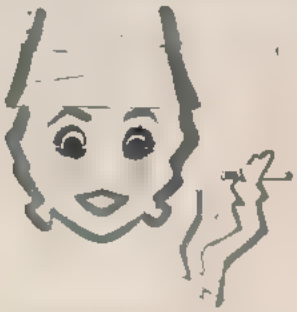

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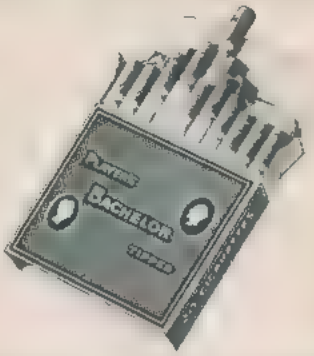

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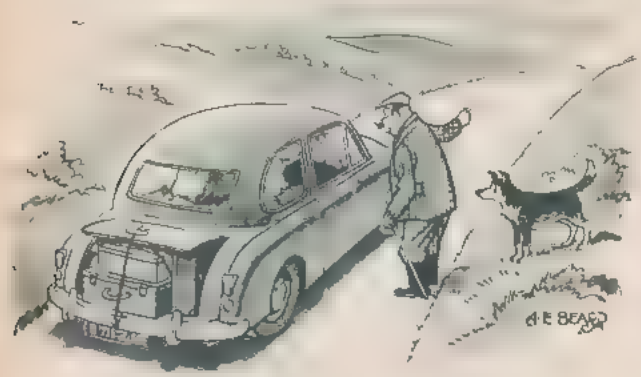

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turned to go she gave him one of Marion's celebrated curtsies.

What a fool! she thought when he had gone. How difficult all this deceit was going to be! But perhaps he had not seen.

But he had. *Charming*, he thought in the car. *So like the dame at the end of her little speeches.* He could imagine a fond mother teaching the two girls together that gracious old salute.

Apart from that, he thought, the hostess was not startling, and Mildred, he felt, had a spiritual quality which was lacking in her famous sister.

At last the day of the Lords debate arrived. The House was packed, the two archbishops and twenty-four bishops as conspicuous as swans in a farmyard.

"Matrimonial Causes (Duties of the Clergy) Bill," read the Clerk of the Parliaments. The admiral rose and the swan-hunt began.

The admiral's speech was short and simple. "My Lords," he began, "this Bill has two main purposes, to protect the parishioners and to protect the clergy of the Church of England."

And, he went on to explain, his Bill would provide that, if a man or woman had obtained a divorce, no parson could refuse them a second marriage in church, even though the first spouse still lived. If a divorce were awarded against them the parson could refuse, but he would have to permit another, willing, clergyman to perform the ceremony in his church.

"The Act of nineteen thirty-seven said that the parson could refuse whether the person was innocent or guilty," said the admiral. "That's not right, it seems to me.

"I know what the most reverend primate will say—he'll say the parson can't tell which is which. That, my Lords, is an insult to Her Majesty's judges. So we've gone back to the old law. If you're innocent before the courts, you're innocent before the altar.

Now, my Lords, in nineteen thirty-seven there was a misunderstanding—I'll say no more. The House of Commons intended freedom for the parson. The Church intended to order him about, and that is what they've done.

"It's partly the House of Commons's fault, I dare say. They left out the important words, 'no penalty, suit or censure, civil or ecclesiastical.' I've put them in. The bishops can't send a parson to prison if he does what he thinks is right, but they can send him to Coventry. They can stop promotion, they can write rude letters—I've seen a few of them. . .

It was a long debate. There were many learned speeches. But, without doubt, what decided the day was the speech of His Grace of Canterbury.

Perhaps he had said it too often. It was an effort to pronounce the familiar sentences. The voice was as beautiful as ever, but not as strong. The performance had no fire. The first part of the speech, the general case, had the sound of a lesson learned by heart and uttered without conviction.

But when he turned to the admiral he spoke more sharply.

"If I understand the noble and gallant earl correctly, his view is that the bishops in matters of ecclesiastical belief and practice should accept the orders of Parliament, but the clergy should accept the orders of nobody. Lord Caraway would put the clock back a hundred years or more. He would bring back compulsion where compulsion is intolerable; he would give freedom where freedom is an offence to all true Christians.

"Where his Bill touches the consent of one clergyman to the use of his church by another, the noble earl has put 'must' instead of 'may.' He threatens the bishops with penal suits from the clergy though the bishops in this affair have no power to proceed against the clergy.

It will be time enough to consider such proposals when the Bill is in Committee, if indeed it is to go so far. For the moment I will ignore them."

Then the archbishop astonished the House, and the world—but not Sir Ewan Harker. He said: "My illustrious predecessor, Doctor Fisher, testified once to the pride which filled him when he beheld the example of tolerance, of patient suffering, which the Church had set the world in an age of greed and self-assertion.

Rather than provoke a Parliamentary conflict, we declined to proceed with a new Canon which would at least have led to clarity. *Clarity*," he repeated dryly—"for it would have made unlawful all the marriages which your Lordships have in mind today.

"That example, some may think, has been ill-rewarded today. But I for one do not regret it, nor would I now depart from it. So long as the bishops, representing the Established Church, are privileged to sit upon these benches, we must be ready to play our part in the traffic of Parliament.

"We must be on our guard against merely stubborn obstruction. We most be more sensitive even than others to any suspicion of ambiguous dealing, to such suggestions as, I am sorry to say, have been made against my predecessors in the present context. I do not believe myself that they have any substance, but for the good name of the Church I am very willing that they should be examined.

"Accordingly, I shall not feel it my duty to vote against the Second Reading."

The archbishop sat down. There was a small spurt of murmur of approval and a general buzz of excited chatter.

What was the old boy up to? Many had not the faintest notion. But the knowing peers were clear enough. "He's seen the red light. Never did fancy him for it. He daren't go back on Convocation, but he's telling us to go ahead . . ." "They'll have to amend a bit, but it's in the bag."

And in the bag it was. Dr Brayne's speech had made the final decision inevitable. The Second Reading of Lord Caraway's Bill was carried without a division.

The Third Reading was a surprisingly brief affair, lasting two hours only. The Archbishop of Canterbury did not speak. His brother of York said that once more the Church of England was setting an example before the world of Christian patience, tolerance and understanding. The Church's teaching, the Church's standards would be maintained. These had never needed the support of the State; they never would.

Indeed, in a sense, said the archbishop, he welcomed the Bill for after its passage into law there would be no excuse for the wicked slander that without some assistance from State law and some element of domestic compulsion the Church was unable to gather its lost sheep into the fold. Neither the Most Reverend Primate nor himself could be expected to vote for the Bill, on the other hand, they would not vote against it.

Six bishops voted for the Third Reading, one against. The other seventeen abstained.

The debates in the Commons followed much the same lines as in the Lords. The opposition was perfunctory and the Bill went quickly through. A division was challenged on the Third Reading, but it was carried. "Ayes to the right, 282, noes to the left, 44."

Lunching at Hambone one Sunday Mildred found herself sitting next to Kingie, the dame's old manager. He talked with fond affection of her late lamented sister.

The sweetest leading lady I ever had," he said. "Never a cross word. And the money she made for me!" Kingie was attracted by Mildred's pale face, the soft, low voice, with its odd mixture of English, Irish and American. "Did you ever do anything on the stage yourself?"

"Why," said Mildred, "a long way back, I was in Liverpool Rep. awhile. And I did a little work for the amateurs in the States."

"Would you like some work?" he asked.

Why, I guess I might at that, Mildred said.

I've got a script upstairs. I'll leave it with you. The part I'm thinking of is Helen. She's the mother, rather a nice one. Come and read it to me on—Wednesday.'

"That's mighty nice of you, Mildred said. "But listen, you won't expect another Marion."

"No, indeed," Kingie laughed.

The reading was a great success. Mildred got the part. . . .

THEN, on July the first, Primrose and Cyril were married at the parish church. Except for one brief episode, the admiral behaved very well. He had permission to wear full uniform, and his slow-marching up the nave with Primrose was a sight to see.

At last the rector said: "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"

The admiral said in a loud voice: "I do, sir. But that's not all I have to say. She's a good girl.

"This is a good wedding. It's a wedding in church, where weddings ought to be. But it was touch and go. They might have been spliced in a sixpenny licence shop, dog-licence fashion. That's no way to do a wedding. And why wasn't it done that way? Because we have a fine, brave rector. Carry on, sir."

During this unusual address, the rector stared with open mouth, and at the end of it was almost unable to proceed.

After the ceremony there were festivities at Hambone. They were drawing to their close when Cyril walked through the great hall in search of the admiral. Cyril was holding a cable form in his hand, and thinking of his first wife, Patricia.

He was remembering how the admiral had inquired where she lived in America, and how, shortly afterwards, the news had been received that made his marriage to Primrose possible—the news that Patricia had died in a road accident.

The admiral was standing in front of the great fireplace. Cyril approached anxiously. "This is funny, sir," he said.

The admiral read the cable. "I say, that's extraordinary, ain't it?" he said smoothly. "Better say no more about that, my lad. Some mistake. Give it to me."

He tore up the cable and stuffed the pieces into his pocket. It had read:

LONG LIFE AND HAPPINESS. LOVE PATRICIA."

* * *

A few weeks later came the official announcement. "The engagement is announced between Her Grace the Duchess of Clowes and Lieutenant-Commander Daniel Drew, R.N."

THE END

'Made For Man" has just been published as a book by Methuen, price 15s

© *Haddock Productions, 1958*

A MEAL TO REMEMBER

by Ted Ray

IN 1952 I went to Korea to entertain the troops. We appeared at all sorts of camps and under hazardous conditions. Once, where there was no stage, I took part in a double act performed on two oil drums. Almost everywhere the food had the same indescribable taste. I longed for the day when I would be back home enjoying my wife's succulent Sunday sirloins.

One day we arrived at a camp where we were told that the cook had decided to experiment for our benefit with Oriental food. This I could hardly believe. However, after the concert we went to a tent where the table was nicely laid, and from the kitchens came the unmistakable smell of good cooking.

We had a lunch of vermicelli soup with meat balls, followed by beef and mushrooms served with a sweet-sour sauce and rice. It was first-class, and we began to tuck in earnestly. Suddenly the tent flap opened and a young officer asked for me. "Here is a cable for you, sir."

I opened it. My eyes boggled. It read: YOU HAVE BEEN SELECTED TO APPEAR BEFORE THEIR MAJESTIES IN THE ROYAL COMMAND PERFORMANCE AT THE PALADIUM IN NOVEMBER. STOP. CONGRATULATIONS.

There was a moment's silence and one of my troupe said: "Lovely meal isn't it, Ted?"

I didn't reply. I had lost my appetite. On the back of the envelope I was writing my act for the Royal Command Performance.

How to cook beef and mushrooms with sweet-sour sauce

Ingredients: 2 cloves garlic, cooking fat, 6-8 oz. frying steak, 4 oz. mushrooms, 1 large green pepper, 2 oz. sugar, ½ pint stock, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 2 tablespoons soya bean sauce, 1 level tablespoon cornflour, boiled rice.

Chop the garlic roughly and fry it in the fat for several minutes until golden brown, then remove it.

Cut the meat into pieces about one inch thick by two inches, and fry until light brown. Add the mushrooms, thinly sliced, and fry with the meat until cooked. Meanwhile, remove the seeds from the pepper, cut it into pieces and cook in boiling water for ten minutes. Drain the pepper thoroughly and add to the meat.

For the sauce dissolve the sugar in the stock and vinegar, add the soya sauce. To this add the cornflour, mixed with a little water. Boil, stirring well, for two minutes.

Serve the beef and mushrooms with a border of boiled rice, and cover with the sweet-sour sauce.

POVERTY

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Arnold Bennett

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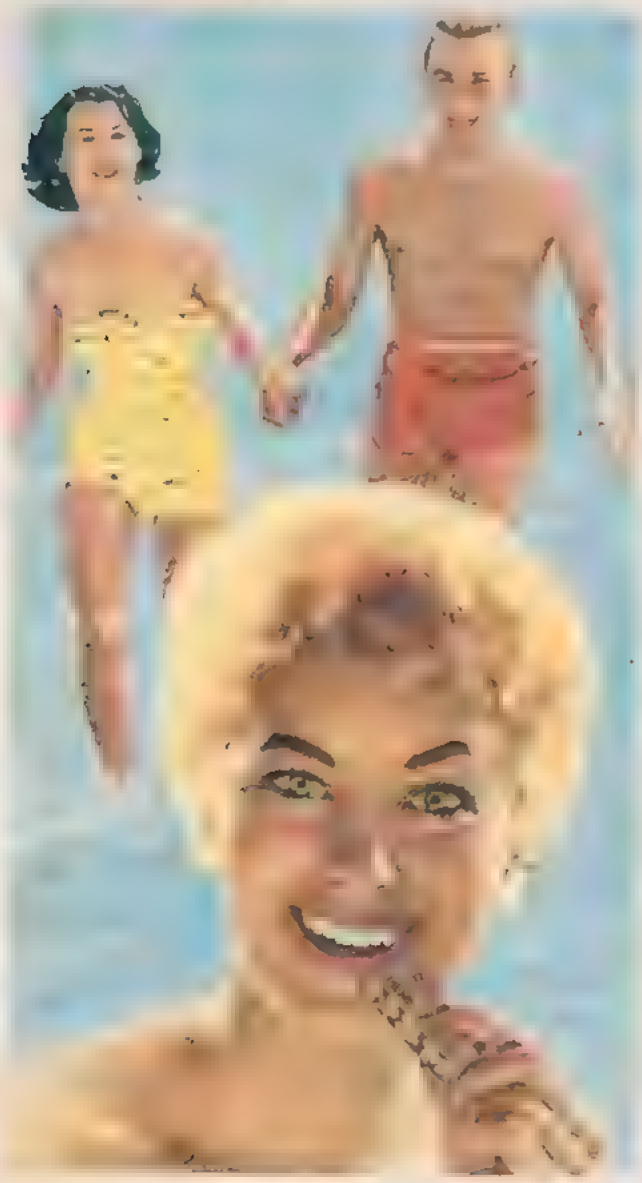

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Ducks, geese, pheasants and other birds abound in the grounds of Herringswell Manor where Miss Muriel Keyser (above) and her sister, Sybil, train their own racehorses

They tell the jockey not to be hard on the horse—and they haven't saddled a winner for three long years

Muriel (left) and Sybil Keyser with Red Influence, who last carried their colours past the winning post . . . three years ago

Happiest losers on the Turf

by ALAN LLOYD

MURIEL and Sybil Keyser, who own and train racehorses at Herringswell Manor, near Newmarket, Suffolk, wanted a name for one of their mounts. Walking through the beech woods to their stables one day, Muriel Keyser, a small, white-haired woman with twinkling eyes, saw a magpie. "One for sorrow," she said to herself.

Another magpie followed. "Two for joy!"

The horse, a grey mare, was called Two For Joy, and Miss Muriel, helped by Miss Sybil—her sister, co-trainer, and inseparable companion—put it into training. It settled down well to life among the peacocks, golden pheasants, and mauve and white lilac at Herringswell, but showed an aversion to the racecourse.

Muriel Keyser says: "In the paddock Two For Joy waited quietly until the jockeys appeared, then issued a shrill whinny of protest and lay down on the ground. She was most awkward. We withdrew her from racing and Sybil now hacks her out when the other horses go to exercise."

Two For Joy is typical of the Keyser horses, both in its obvious affection for the sisters, and its disinclination to win them races. In more than thirty-five years of owning, training and racing, the Keyser sisters have become renowned on British courses for their lack of winners.

Other trainers say that they are so fond of their animals that they do not work them hard enough. Two For Joy has not been alone in preferring the quiet scene at Herringswell to the bustle of the racecourse. Last year the sisters had to entice a chestnut three-year-old called Cauliflower to Newmarket races by taking with it its stable-mate, Jock, a small and shaggy pony. Cauliflower ran, but without success.

Stormcock is another whose heart is not set on winning. "He is fast, but when challenged he loses interest," says Muriel Keyser uncomplainingly.

The many animals at Herringswell include dogs and a hundred Jersey cattle. The two sisters work a full day looking after them

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS
BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

At Sandown Park in 1956, Musical Ann, a brown mare bred and trained by the Keysers, missed a chance of winning by standing obstinately at the starting gate with rigid front legs while the rest of the field gained a twenty-length start. The mare eventually made a spectacular effort and finished third. "Of course, we were quite delighted with her," says Muriel.

Sybil Keyser, taller and of fewer words than her sister, still rides side-saddle as she did in her youth, when both women were noted for their horsewomanship. For years they lived at Aldermaston Court, Berkshire, a stately home which their father, Charles Keyser, bequeathed them together with his love of racing.

After the last war they moved their string to Herringswell, where they built new stables. The cost of their racing has been heavy, and they recently sold 450 acres of farmland to help to pay for the upkeep of their stables. According to people who know the sisters well, they would sell everything they had before giving up their horses.

What was perhaps their biggest success occurred towards the end of the 1924 season. Muriel and Sybil Keyser drove to Leicester with a horse called Fusty which they had entered for the Melton Stakes. When they arrived they found that most of the other entrants had withdrawn. "Surely you're not opposing Reecho," said a steward, "He's a certainty." The bookies agreed. They had made Reecho a 4-1 favourite.

Undaunted by the odds, the sisters saddled Fusty and gave the jockey, Michael Beary, their usual instructions to do his best but not to be hard on their horse. Beary followed Joe Childs, who was riding Reecho into the straight, put Fusty past the favourite, and won in a canter.

For years the sisters took their horses all over

the country with little success. Then, in the last summer before the war, they entered Mopsus, a horse bred at their own stables, in a mile race at Brighton. Starting at 20-1, Mopsus shot to the front of the field and staggered the racing world by setting up a course and world record of one minute, thirty-two seconds, which has not been broken.

Hopefully, the Keyser sisters put Mopsus to stud and used him as the basis of their stock for the next fifteen years. The result was almost total failure.

Thirteen years later an August Bank Holiday crowd at Epsom watched the Keysers' only other notable home-bred success, and the exception among the unlucky Mopsus off-spring. Their horse was a little grey filly officially called Mock Turtle, but known at Herringswell as Pinky because of its nose. Pinky started at 100-7 in the last race of the day in which the joint favourites were Wood Song and Somnolescent.

At Tattenham Corner Pinky showed the Herringswell aversion for running with other horses, swerved across the course and appeared to be out of the race. But, amazingly, the filly came back, sped up the centre of the course between the two favourites and carried the Keyser colours first past the post.

Complete strangers forgot that they had lost money on the race in the crush to shake hands with the sisters. "It was quite embarrassing," says Muriel Keyser.

The Misses Keyser drive their own horse-box to the races. One Newmarket trainer says: "Handling a heavy vehicle with two horses in the back is not an easy job for anyone, but Miss Muriel and Miss Sybil have driven blood-horses four-in-hand in their day—and that's a good deal harder." One sister never travels without the other, and they will not let their horses sleep away from Herringswell.

Last autumn they set out with a horse for Sandown soon after nine o'clock one morning. They arrived in time to declare the horse for the four o'clock race, prepared and saddled it, cooled it off after the race, then drove straight back to their stables. They arrived home at ten o'clock having shared more than nine hours at the wheel that day.

Their horse had finished last.

Luck has not always by-passed the Keyser sisters. At Newmarket last year they collected £50 in stake money (they never bet, even on the tote) when one of their horses finished third to the Queen's horse Agreement in the Lowder Stakes. A fourth entry had withdrawn leaving only three starters in the race.

The sisters allow themselves little rest during their waking hours. From first thing in the morning until well into the evening they are busy with their horses. When they leave the stables they attend to the feeding of scores of ducks, which wander and fly at liberty in the grounds, as well as looking after geese, chickens, a number of large dogs, and supervising the care of a pedigree herd of more than a hundred Jersey cows.

"I'm afraid we seldom see the morning papers until eleven o'clock at night," says Muriel Keyser.

After a quick lunch Muriel drives their prewar Rolls-Royce coupé into Newmarket to fetch a jockey or apprentice to work-out the horses on the Herringswell gallop. Sybil Keyser rides to one end of the stretch, usually followed by a pack of dogs, while Muriel stays at the other.

Because they rarely allow animals to be killed on their estate, the gallop is often pitted with rabbit holes. The sisters carefully fill them with sand before the horses run.

Derek Morris, a jockey who has worked for the Keysers on many occasions, says: "The Manor grounds are a sanctuary for pheasants. They fly up all round when you are galloping. Most horses would swerve violently, but at Herringswell they take it in their stride."

Placidity is a characteristic of the Keyser stables. When a horse named Red Influence disappeared from its box one day, it was found strolling quietly through the woods with every appearance of returning at its leisure.

Three years ago Red Influence decided to make an effort. Harry Carr, now the Queen's jockey, rode the chestnut to a three-lengths win in the Shelford Stakes at Newmarket. Mrs. Carr, who was watching her husband ride, recalls: "The crowd went wild with delight. It was the sort of reception usually reserved for the winner of the Guineas or the Derby."

The Keysers' colours, a blue cross on apricot, have not been seen in the winner's enclosure since. Punters estimate that on past form the sisters should be due for another win within the next two or three seasons. Miss Muriel, the business manager, faces the position with good humour. Not long ago she and her sister failed to notice a fellow trainer raise his hat to them as they left a racecourse in their car. Next time he saw the sisters he rebuked them. "You always wave from your horsebox," he said. "Just because you were driving a Rolls-Royce you had to be snooty."

"My dear man," replied Muriel Keyser with a twinkle, "it's always the same with these get-rich-quicks."

Jock Pringle, a Newmarket trainer says: "If the Keyser sisters had a winner every time they raced from now on, they would not get back more than they have put into racing." Many Newmarket people consider that Miss Muriel and Miss Sybil represent the best in racing—racing stripped of the social frills and the gambling motive. They are spoken of with affection in "racing" pubs and hotel bars which they would never dream of entering.

"By Jove, that smells good"

VULNERABLE though two elderly spinsters may seem in a sport which has proved tough enough to break both men and horses, friends agree that the Keyser sisters are afraid of nothing. For years they have opposed the official view that women should not train horses. "An old-fashioned fuddy-duddy attitude," says Miss Muriel.

As women, they are unable to hold a trainer's licence. The Keysers take their licence out in the name of an employee.

Animals have never scared them. A few months ago a cowman, afraid of one of the sharp-horned nimble Jersey bulls at Herringswell, chained the animal to the rails of its pen. Infuriated, the bull broke the chain, and a snapped link caught in its eye.

"I went down alone last thing at night, slipped into the pen, and removed the piece of chain," says Muriel Keyser. "The old fellow was as gentle as a lamb."

Only once have the Keysers lost their tempers with an animal. One foggy night a fox stole through the beech trees which surround the big oak-panelled house where they live alone, and slaughtered many of the ducks. The Keyser sisters followed a bloody trail, found the gorged assassin, and shot it.

They will allow none of their horses to suffer discomfort. When an employee prepared one called Buglar Boy at Alexandra Park by fitting an American bridle with a double bit to stop the animal pulling, they ordered him to take it off. Minutes before the race, an alternative could not be found. Buglar Boy eventually ran in a bridle borrowed from a previous runner, with another owner's colours on the nose band.

It made no difference to the Keyser luck. He was not placed. THE END

The secret of taming teddy boys

Continued from page 13

regularly slip sixpences into the box as they pass. The money buys sweets for Sheila Nicholson, a twelve-year-old spastic child who attends the club during her school holidays. When Sheila arrives in the club the boys leave their table tennis and crowd round to joke and dance with her.

Pensioners are often entertained in the youth club. At one party the teenagers invited the old folk to join them in a rock 'n' roll session and then accepted a challenge to try some old-time dancing.

In 1949 the boy members saved up to buy a rubber dinghy for a camping holiday on the banks of a small river outside Edinburgh. They spent most of the week giving children from a nearby orphanage pleasure trips in the dinghy.

After one excursion a member was seen to be suffering from cramp in his right hand. He explained that the cork came out of the dinghy's valve in mid-stream, and he stuck a finger in the hole to save the children a drenching. At the end of the holiday the boys left their dinghy behind as a farewell gift to the orphanage.

The club's youngest members are the eleven-year-olds in the junior section. The upper age limit is twenty-five. One "girl," who coyly declines to discuss her age, will not leave although she was a member in 1941 and is known to be at least thirty-two. Two of Frances Bennett's adult helpers, Leslie Grant and his wife, first met as teenage members, and held their wedding reception in the youth club.

Two other helpers are Gordon McCormack and Brian King, both policemen stationed locally, who supervise physical training in the club. Teddy-boy members who used to claim they were suspicious of all policemen on principle now gladly accept a policeman's helping hand over a vaulting horse. They appreciate that the young constables give up their own leisure time to run an activity which the youth club members had specially requested.

"Teenagers resent being told what to do," says Frances Bennett. "The only way to get them to do something worth while is to arrange it so that the suggestion comes from them."

She noticed recently that her younger members had little idea of dancing other than the simple rock 'n' roll routines they improvised themselves. From then the records played for dancing included a large proportion of foxtrots and waltzes. When members found themselves sitting out for half of the evening, they suggested being taught some basic ballroom steps. The leader arranged the weekly dancing classes which she had had in mind at the beginning.

Frances Bennett expected another easy success when she schemed to steer her members into studying geography. She reminded them of their camping expeditions all over Britain and hostel holidays in Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, Austria and Germany.

She pointed out other interesting places that they had yet to visit. The members guessed what she had in mind, obligingly suggested a series of talks on foreign travel, and then cheerfully ignored the London County Council lecturer whom she invited to the club.

A CURRENT affairs group conducted by another L.C.C. instructor was always well behaved although it was strongly attended by some of the club's most unruly members. When the man finished his term at St. Thomas's, Miss Bennett congratulated him on his control of the group. "The first meeting was just an uproar," he admitted, "and I had to bribe each member with a cigarette to keep quiet. After that they turned up regularly for the cigarettes."

Frances Bennett's home is in Hackney. She worked in a factory office until she was thirty-one. After a three-month course she became leader of the St. Thomas's Youth Club, which was less than two years old. Her social experience consisted of several years as a church worker and Girl Guide leader.

At first she tried to apply Guide methods to the youth club. But the back-street teenagers showed they were not interested in hiking and indoor team games. They preferred football, in nearby Brockwood Park, and dancing to handicrafts and discussions.

Miss Bennett eventually discovered that her members wanted activities with a practical touch. They supported cookery lessons in a kitchen decked out as a fish and chip saloon, and a course of fashion appreciation with the girl members presenting their own mannequin parades.

Needlework was popular during the clothing shortage of the 1940s. Youths wanted to know how to turn their own collars and repair frayed trouser bottoms. One boy made himself a pair of pyjamas. Needlework lapsed after the end of clothes rationing, but was revived by the arrival of the teddy-boy cult. Some members began to arrive at the club with strips of velvet to be stitched to their jacket collars.

When Frances Bennett had last-minute difficulties in completing the cast of a Nativity play that she was producing at London Polytechnic in December, 1956, three teddy-boy members of her club offered their services.

"The show would not have gone on at all without the teddy boys," says Miss Bennett, "but it never really recovered from their entrance as the three shepherds. They shuffled into sight with heads bowed, but they were chewing gum and showing crêpe-soled suede shoes beneath their flowing robes." THE END

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A New Nation	Girl With Brains
Starved Of Sunshine	Dinner At "Seaview"
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Confounded The Prophets	Climbing Up The Wall
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B. .....

EX. .....

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2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. An entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest in JOHN BULL dated July 12), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, June 28, for early news of No. 2,145 result.)

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